



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS

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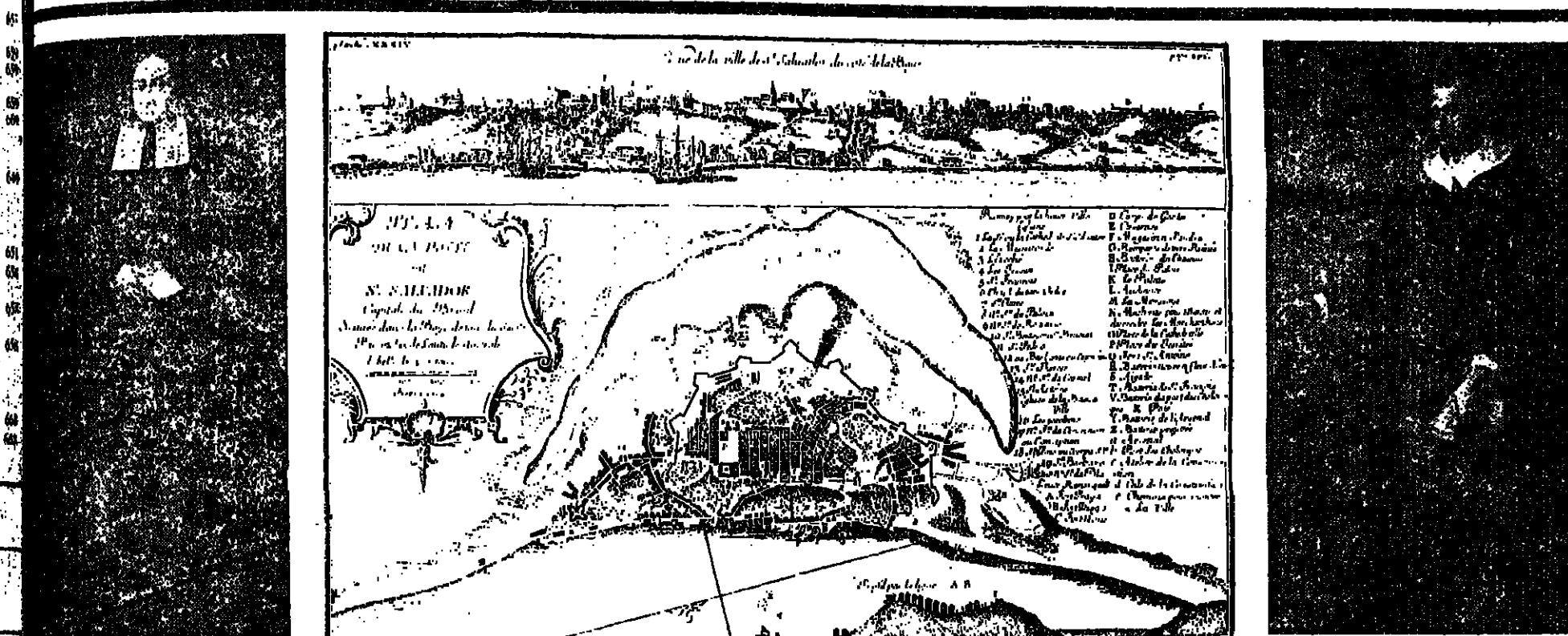
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A view of Bahia in 1714. Francisco Fernandes do Sim. *Providor* of the Misericórdia 1656-9 and 1661.

THE PORTUGUESE IN BRAZIL

of Brazil gathered dust unread on library shelves, whereas Prescott's classic accounts of the conquests of Mexico and Peru have gone through numerous editions, on both sides of the Atlantic down to the present day. Of late something has been done to redress the balance, and to show that even if the Portuguese and Brazilian archives are not, as a rule, so richly rewarding as those of their neighbours, they do contain much more valuable material, at any rate for certain periods and places, than has been generally recognized. As usual, French historians of the school of the *Annales* have led the way, exemplified by the recent publication of Mlle. Mansuy's superbly documented edition of Antonil's *Cultura e Opulência do Brasil* (reviewed in the TLS, July 18, 1968), and by Pierre Vergor's *Flux et reflux de la traite des Nègres entre le Golfe de Bénin et Bahia de Todos os Santos du XVII^e au XIX^e siècle* (1968). Now a British and a North American scholar have joined the labourers in this promising historical field with two admirable works which largely complement each other. As Dr. Russell-Wood very pertinently observes in his preface to *Fidalgo and Philanthropist: The Santa Casa da Misericórdia of Bahia, 1550-1755*, 429pp. Macmillan, 15s. 3s.

MR. ALDEN: *Royal Government in Colonial Brazil*. With special reference to the administration of the Marquis of Lavradio, 1769-1779. 545pp. University of California Press. London: L.B.E.G. £7 2s. 6d.

THE HISTORY of colonial Brazil has been greatly neglected by British and North American scholars in comparison with colonial Spanish America; nor is it surprising. The conquistadores of Mexico and Peru were much more brutal characters than the sugar barons and the *bandeirantes* of Brazil. The traumatic effects of the flow of Spanish-American gold on the Price Revolution in Europe were even more obvious than the results of the influx of alluvial gold from Brazil in the first half of the eighteenth century, spectacular as it seemed to contemporaries. Moreover, the archives of Spain and Portugal, America are by and large, in content and are better (or at least catalogued than are those of Brazil). This striking difference in the range and the availability of primary sources is reflected in the richly documented work of Earl Hamilton, Clarence and Pierre Chagnon, as compared with the meagre Portuguese work available to Frédéric Mauro in his otherwise admirable *Le Portugal Atlantique 1570-1670, Etude historique* (1960). For these and other reasons the history of colonial Brazil has received very little notice in Anglo-Saxon historiography since the appearance of Robert Southey's *Southey's History in 1810-19*—a tedious but uninspiring work, as a hostile reviewer in *Southey's Magazine* (1824) as

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In defence of values

HUGH STRETTON: *The Political Sciences*. 453pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £2.15s.
GIRARDT PARRY: *Political Elites*. 109pp. Allen and Unwin, 32s.

Just occasionally a book comes along that tempts one to proclaim the genius of its author. That one is deterred from doing so is due partly to the frequency with which swans, on closer and lengthier inspection, turn out to be geese, and partly to an ever-present fear of putting oneself in the company of those reviewers of novels who discover at least one genius a week. Let it suffice to say, therefore, that Dr. Stretton's *The Political Sciences* is the liveliest and most intelligent work on its subject to have appeared for several years.

Its title is slightly misleading, since it deals not with political science alone but with a wide range of social sciences, including historiography and sociology. Indeed, Dr. Stretton appears to be primarily a historian, secondarily a sociologist, and only thirdly a political scientist—at least on the basis of a rough analysis of the content of his book. No matter; he has written something that no one involved in any of the social sciences, whether as teacher or student, can afford to neglect.

Admittedly, there are plenty of obvious faults in his work. The style has a curious and sometimes baffling complexity which seems the product of a highly individual approach to the use of the English language; there is far too much repetition; and the last two chapters go in for some rather tiresome tub-thumping. These, however, are the faults of a man with a powerful and original mind who really has something to say, and as such may be readily forgiven.

Dr. Stretton is original in method as well as in thought. Instead of starting with definitions of terms and elaborations of concepts he plunges straight into an historical question concerning an event which most of his readers may be trusted to have forgotten.

In December, 1899, Joseph Chamberlain, the best known protagonist of social reform then in the British cabinet, apparently changed his mind about old age pensions. Every historian of that act has thought it required explanation. Why?

From this monosyllabic interrogation the rest of the book unfolds. It leads Dr. Stretton into a series of interesting case-studies intended to illustrate

the nature of historical explanation, with special reference to "What caused Imperialism?", and from there into a highly interesting discussion of the relationship between scientific method and valational premises, in which he mobilizes, for example, not only from historiography but also from sociology, political economy, and political science.

His choice of heroes and villains is itself indicative of the general drift of his thought: he admires, although always short of idolatry, Eric Harely, E. H. Carr, J. M. Keynes, Arthur Lewis, and Gunnar Myrdal; he attacks, although not without many expressions of respect, Talcott Parsons and David Easton. His argument, in fact, is that the study of society cannot be value-free and ought not even aspire towards value-freedom. Those who pretend to have thrown values into the pre-scientific lumber-room are not in reality being more scientific than those who remain encumbered with these uncomfortable human burdens but less so because they are unconsciously deceiving both themselves and their readers. What is important is to be aware that any exercise in social investigation, whether historical or contemporary in character, involves not only the selection of a "significant" subject but the use of imagination to envisage the possible alternatives to what has happened or is happening. The vice of "scientism" is that it fails to make explicit either of these evaluative processes and consequently lacks the purposefulness and vision that has characterized the work of the great social investigators of the past, from Aristotle to Marx.

Summarizing his views about "knowledge of causes" in one commendable sentence, Dr. Stretton describes it as involving a selection of causal chains, terminated at selected points, including many causes chosen because they determine several effects, by warding off alternative effects, which are chosen because they are imagined as possible and often also valued as important.

Here is the essential theme of a book as complex as it is fascinating. Dr. Stretton is particularly interesting and particularly scathing about the current search for theories which are valued in proportion to their level of generality. He not only makes the familiar point that, in the social sciences, generality is usually equivalent to aridity; he denies that there is any reason, *per se*, why a more general theory should be more important than a less general one, and why the task of the social scientist should be

regarded as one of ascending to higher and higher levels of abstraction. "There is no harm," he says, "in distinguishing orders of abstraction or generality, though the substitution of 'higher and lower' for 'different' or 'more or less' for 'minor triumph for one's faction's propaganda.' But

the value, use and "heuristic promise" of social theories cannot rationally be judged by their height, rigor, generality or ambition. There are better tests in terms of purpose and subject-matter, originality, prompt and genuine performance, and the social importance of the performance. Like most of the theories, these tests require valuations; but so do preferences for height, rigor and abstraction.

This point is well made: so is the attack on the naive belief in the virtues of quantification as such:

Careful observation does not always mean the mechanical measurement of quantities though that is one very reliable kind of observation. It depends, obviously on what has to be observed, the nearest available quantity may not be the most objective indicator of a quality, or a passage of human thought and feeling, even though it produces the most unanimous observations. It may unhelpfully report something where understanding or impression would report the true object more faithfully.

This criticism of the inappropriate use of quantification, as a delusory means of freeing the social sciences from contamination by values, is essentially the same as that made by Mr. Barrington Moore in his *Social Origins of Democracy and Dictatorship* and, more recently, by Dr. Edmund Leach in an article in *Political Studies*. One hopes that it is beginning to sink in.

Much that Dr. Stretton has to say will be anathema to a whole school of social scientists—and some of it is undoubtedly exaggerated and "unfair". But the time has come for a really sustained attack, vigorous, well-informed, and trenchantly argued, on "value-freedom", and Dr. Stretton has provided it. His book deserves to be widely read and seriously discussed.

To include Dr. Parry's very useful little textbook on *Political Elites* in the same review as Dr. Stretton's wide-ranging and highly individualistic discussion of the whole methodology of the social sciences may, at first sight, seem a curious juxtaposition. The justification for it is that one may reasonably suppose that Dr. Parry, a philosopher, fundamentally shares Dr. Stretton's point of view. It is not that he is much concerned to

make explicit his own preferences, revealing the value-assumptions of those who have claimed a high degree of value-free objectivity for their kinds of elitist theories. These premises are as evident in the work of modern empiricists, such as Robert Dahl and Lloyd Hunter, as in that of the general theorists, who laid the foundations of modern elitist studies, Vilfredo Pareto, Gaetano Mosca, and Robert Michels.

Dr. Parry's book, however, should not be treated as a major contribution to the methodology of the social sciences, as Dr. Stretton's purpose is to provide a critical account of both elitist and anti-elitist theories, beginning with Mosca's *The Ruling Class* and ending with Bachrach and Baratz's *The Dilemma of Democracy*.

Within the limited space available would be difficult to imagine the better done. Dr. Parry distinguishes between the organizational approach (Mosca and Michels), the psychological approach (Pareto), the sociological approach (Bachrach and Baratz), and the institutional approach (Wright Mills). He discusses the relationship between elitism and pluralism, examines attempts to subject elitist theories to empirical testing, expands his own criticisms of the elitist approach, and concludes with some rather inconclusive observations on "Elitism and Democratic Theory". Except for the last chapter, which is by far the weakest of the book, it is all very competently done.

Competently, in fact, that one can say that the lazier students of political sociology, having read Dr. Parry's accounts of the works of those who have distinguished themselves in the important branch of study, will decide that it is not necessary to go to the originals.

In this respect, Dr. Parry has exactly the opposite effect on readers from Dr. Stretton: for Dr. Stretton makes one desperately want to go back to the writers from whom he so copiously quotes in order to see whether he is right about them; the difference is that between an expositor and a true original. Nonetheless, one suspects that Dr. Parry himself conceals a good deal of his originality behind the facade of the historian of political thought, and one looks forward to a book in which he will make his own contribution to elitist theory: one in which the democratic values that he clearly believes will receive uninhibited yet scholarly expression.

GRAVES: *The Crane Bag*, after disputed subjects. Cassell, £2.2s.
KIRKHAM: *The Poetry of the Crane Bag*. 284pp. Unwin, £2.5s.

A miscellany rather similar to *The Crane Bag*, but more various, including stories and poems as well as essays, published by Graves, was *Steps* in 1958. About the poems in *Steps*, Mr. Kirkham says:

For a while that he had written the peak of his achievement, "mellow". He had never been so unadvisedly and completely as "The Face of the Moon" (the face of the moon) (himself). They are both "mellow" poems, saved from their self-amusement, and with previous performance, have a touch of showman's self-acceptance strikes one as inevitable.

And, there, if one deletes "mellow" and substitutes "talks and talks" (the poems), almost exactly one's reaction to *The Crane Bag*.

Graves in prose is always a good grip and professional, but he developed a public persona and, for a dedicated independent, a dedicated independent social and Democratic Theory. Except for the last chapter, which is by far the weakest of the book, it is all very competently done. Competently, in fact, that one can say that the lazier students of political sociology, having read Dr. Parry's accounts of the works of those who have distinguished themselves in the important branch of study, will decide that it is not necessary to go to the originals.

In this respect, Dr. Parry has exactly the opposite effect on readers from Dr. Stretton: for Dr. Stretton makes one desperately want to go back to the writers from whom he so copiously quotes in order to see whether he is right about them; the difference is that between an expositor and a true original. Nonetheless, one suspects that Dr. Parry himself conceals a good deal of his originality behind the facade of the historian of political thought, and one looks forward to a book in which he will make his own contribution to elitist theory: one in which the democratic values that he clearly believes will receive uninhibited yet scholarly expression.

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THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

IN A NEW AND COMPLETE TRANSCRIPTION EDITED BY
ROBERT LATHAM and WILLIAM MATTHEWS

Contributing editors: WILLIAM A. ARMSTRONG, MACDONALD EMSLIE,
OLIVER MILLAR, and the late T. F. REDDAWAY

This edition is the first in which the entire Diary is printed, and in which an attempt has been made at rigorous and systematic comment on it. It comprises eleven volumes: the text of the diary, with footnotes, in nine volumes (a year to a volume), a tenth volume of commentary (the *Companion*) and an eleventh volume of index. It is intended that, after the publication of the first three volumes next year, the remaining volumes will follow in instalments of two or three each year.

Volume I, in addition to the text of the first year of the diary, contains a long illustrated Introduction with sections on: The Diary, The Diary, Previous Editions, The Diary as Literature, The Diary as History. Volumes 1 to 9 each contain a 'Reader's Guide', a Select List of Persons and a Select Glossary, as well as photographs and maps. The text is an entirely new transcription of Pepys's original manuscript, made by Professor Matthews from the unique copy in the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

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Prussian inevitabilities

FREDERICK ENGELS: *The Role of Force in History*. Translated by Jack Cohen. Edited and with an Introduction by Ernst Wangermann. 108pp. Lawrence and Wishart. 21s.

After the publication of his *Anti-Dühring*, in which he criticized what he regarded as fallacies in Dühring's economic and political theories, Engels was asked to permit the publication as a pamphlet of the three chapters containing his examination of the relationship between political force and economic factors. But Engels decided that these chapters could not be published without the addition of a fourth chapter giving the German reader his views "about the very considerable role played by force in the history of his own country during the last thirty years". Then in 1887-1888 he began to write this projected chapter, which however he was forced by other preoccupations to lay aside and never to finish. Nearly eighty years later Engels's several drafts were collected together and published in 1964 in East Berlin by the Dietz Verlag under Engels's own title: *Die Rolle der Gewalt in der Geschichte*, and it is from this edition that Mr. Cohen has made his good translation—the first to appear in English. In his interesting introduction, Mr. Wangermann justly says that Engels's unfinished study "has lost none of its freshness, and stands up extraordinarily well to the critical light of

modern research". Engels's vigorous style makes one regret that he had to end abruptly at the beginning of the *Kulturkampf* in 1871 instead of pursuing his study down to 1890 and Bismarck's dismissal.

In *Anti-Dühring* Engels propounded the theory that whenever political force conflicts with economic progress the inevitable outcome is the defeat of political force. The present study is an attempt by Engels to apply this theory to German history between 1864 and 1870 because "this will enable us to see clearly why the policy of blood and iron was bound to be successful for a time and why it is bound to fail in the end". Its success was due in Engels's opinion to its conformity with the concomitant change in the rapidly expanding German middle class, whose earlier liberalism came to be replaced by chauvinistic nationalism as a consequence of Prussia's victory in 1864 over Denmark and again in 1866 over Austria. The Danish question indeed gave an impetus to the movement for German unity because, Engels says, "they [the Germans] were used to being bullied by the Great Powers, but to be kicked around by little Denmark was more than they could bear", and consequently there came into being the *National Verein* which demanded national unification under the leadership of Prussia "under a liberal Prussia if at all possible, but necessary under any kind of

Prussia that fulfilled its demand and gave Germany unity. But the middle-class paid for his and Prussia's services in promoting their industrial and commercial ambitions by giving up their struggle for parliamentary control of government and by their acceptance of a virtually powerless Reichstag.

Mr. Wangermann notes that Bismarck's policy was also one that "suggested itself the more readily because it made possible the restoration of the traditional Prussian territorial expansion" and furthermore that, as Engels claims, it was successful precisely because "it was employed to serve, not some arbitrary policy dictated by Bismarck's whim, but the execution of the programme of the rapidly developing German bourgeoisie". But Engels goes further when he describes Bismarck's handling of the German situation in 1866 as "a thoroughgoing revolution carried out by revolutionary means" and blames him

for being a Prussian revolutionary from above, for beginning a whole revolution in a position in which he could only carry through half a revolution, for being satisfied with four paltry states once he had embarked on the path of annexation. (Apparently Engels would have approved Bismarck's annexation not merely of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau and Frankfurt but also of all the other German States outside Prussia and, doubtless also of Austria.)

After more than a century Western

filament of Liebknecht's and Engels's hopes, nor was Engels's belief in the emergence of a middle-class opposition after Bismarck's dismissal to be justified. When Engels died in 1895 Bismarck's empire still rested securely upon its Prussian foundations, and it was only after Germany's defeat in the First World War that the Weimar Republic gave the German nation its first democratic constitution; nor was it until after Germany's renewed defeat that Prussia was erased from the map of Europe and the unity of Germany destroyed by partition at the hands of the victorious Allied powers, and not by the German people themselves.

The tenability of Engels's theory of the inevitability of success for Bismarck's policy of blood and iron in unifying Germany may be doubted by many readers, no less than the prognostication of its predetermined failure. There will nevertheless be few who do not find *The Role of Force in History* engrossingly readable and stimulatingly contemporary. Yet it remains a torso lacking a conclusive judgment on Bismarck's policy and achievement.

Readings in Introductory Political Analysis, edited by John H. Hopen (197pp.: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 35s.) contains twenty-eight essays by philosophers ranging from Aquinas to J. I. C. Smart. It is edited, the anthology is

sonality. is "Miss Briton's Lady Companion", about Graves's mother. It should be printed as an appendix to *Goodbye to All That*. Yet even about this there is a certain disturbing sweetness, a feeling that a complex character, who must often have suffered pain to herself and others, is perhaps diminished rather than aggrandized by the piety of family legend. This, after all, is an important and often very painful poet; one is disconcerted to find him, in these assorted prose pieces, being, even in a polemical mood, so very jolly about everything, about everybody.

It is not that there is no bite. In an essay on Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley, "Two Studies in Scientific Atheism", there is an admirably caustic remark about an attack of Russell's on Church leaders:

In the same essay he had taunted the Church leaders with condemning the expensive road improvement in residential districts at a time when supplies of milk to nursing mothers were being cut for economy's sake. He accused them of deliberate murder, and threw in their teeth Jesus's advice to the rich young man: "Sell all that thou hast and give

to the poor!" The Church leaders would, of course, have been foolish had they used the government to better the situation of working-class wives, in a time of acute unemployment, by discouraging municipal relief work and keeping their husbands on the dole; nor did Russell himself sell all that he had and buy milk for nursing mothers. The sharp eye for cant there reminds one of a journalist who admires Mr. Graves, Malcolm Muggeridge, and there is also a Muggeridgean crankiness, though not moving like Mr. Muggeridge's in a Manichean direction.

Yet the journalism of surprise can, even in the hands of a master, become mechanical and predictable. In dismissing Blake and Joyce as schizophrenics, Mr. Graves seems to be putting on an act; the judgment does not annoy us only because we do not take them with critical seriousness. And Mr. Graves's laboured, serio-comic business of showing how Lincoln ought to have written the Gettysburg address leaves that masterpiece intact and the new version of it a tawdry and unmemorable public relations job, the prose of compromise. The

man: "Sell all that thou hast and give

public-relations-man side, so disconcerting in such a proud and fastidious man, is what is worrying one in this book. In ingratiating himself with the Israelis, need Mr. Graves have used an incident of more than forty years ago (an officer opening a private's mouth and spilling into it) to incite hatred and contempt for the modern Egyptian army and nation?

The Crane Bag remains first-rate journalism; but Mr. Graves can write serious imaginative, autobiographical, and critical prose of the highest quality, and the sometimes rather sick, sometimes rather coarse prose performances here diminish his image, temporarily, while one reads.

Only temporarily. Michael Kirkham's loving, patient, and sensitively exact chronological study of the development of the poet reminds one of that poetic integrity, generous and vulnerable, for which Mr. Graves's more popular prose performances are, in the end, a protective stockade. The English like "characters", and in his briefer prose writings Mr. Graves has recently chosen to become one. But a main point of the poetry is that, even when building up a bluff facade of "character", it ironically questions and undermines that. Of all the important poets of our century, Mr. Graves has endured and survived most, never having "dodged the column" either in war, in matrimony, or in loyalty against all fashion to his steadily developing sense of what poetic authenticity consists of.

But he is not a tough or a "bitch" writer in the sense that, say, Hemingway, Montherlant, Roy Campbell are: in *The Crane Bag* the very useful, informative, and obviously carefully exact essay on Spanish bullfighting lacks, if one compared it with some of the war passages in *Goodbye to All That*, the element of the conquering of sheer nausea. It is, after all, a very bloody, messy, and till one has frozen some of one's natural responses, unpleasant sport. Nor does Mr. Graves use in this essay the technique which Mr. Kirk-

ham notes him as using in his poems of the trenches in the First World War: neatly expressed in Sassoon's remarks, "Though in some ways [Graves] was more easily shocked than I was he had . . . a first rate nose for anything nasty", and, "He seemed to want the War to be even uglier than it really was". The drive behind Mr. Graves's war poems was partly the drive of an outraged child. Mr. Kirkham says:

War is regarded as a sadistic joke, and the poet retaliates, vindictively, with a jeering use of hearty language which is itself sadistic.

Mr. Kirkham notes that, in the foreword to the *Collected Poems* of 1938, Mr. Graves explained the high proportion of "unpleasant poems" in that volume as "the blurted confession of a naturally sanguine temperament". Mr. Kirkham's own explanation is that Mr. Graves throughout the 1920s and 1930s was keeping well under control a tendency towards whimsy and sentiment which, in the earliest poems, clashes strangely with the near-hysteria of revengeful disgust of the poems about war. Mr. Kirkham's excellent book, patient and loyal to each individual poem and to the poetic achievement as a whole as both the record and the achievement of a process of self-integration, does not lend itself to summary analysis. It should be read with the various collected volumes from 1938 beside it, and indeed with his steadily developing sense of what poetic authenticity consists of.

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MOLLY HOLDEN

Congested funeral: Berryman's new Dream Songs



JOHN BERRYMAN: *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*, 308 Dream Songs, 317pp, Faber and Faber, £2 10s

IF THE CONTENTION is accepted that an excess of clarity is the only kind of difficulty a work of art should offer, John Berryman's *Dream Songs* (it is surely permissible by now to call the complete work by that name) have been offering several kinds of unacceptable difficulty, since they first began to appear. It was confusedly apparent in the first volume of the work, 77 *Dream Songs*, that several different personalities within the poet's single personality (one doesn't suggest his "real" personality, or at any rate one didn't talk of it at that stage) had been set talking to and of each other. These personalities, or let them be called characters, were given tones of voice, even separate voices with peculiar idioms. The interplay of voice and attitude were not easy to puzzle out, and many reviewers, according to Mr. Berryman and their own subsequent, made howlers. With this new volume of 308 more dream songs comes a rather impatient corrective from the author pointing out how simple it all is.

Well, the first book was not simple. It was difficult. In fact it was garbled, and the reviewers who said so and later took it back are foolish. *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*, this new and longer book, is simpler, with many of

the severally-voiced conversational devices abandoned. Its difficulties are more of texture than of structure; the plan is less schematic but the indulgences are proportionately greater, eccentricity proliferating as the original intellectualized, constructional gimmicks fold up under the pressure of released expression. There are passages that are opaque and likely to remain so. Some have been offering several kinds of unacceptable difficulty, since they first began to appear. It was confusedly apparent in the first volume of the work, 77 *Dream Songs*, that several different personalities within the poet's single personality (one doesn't suggest his "real" personality, or at any rate one didn't talk of it at that stage) had been set talking to and of each other. These personalities, or let them be called characters, were given tones of voice, even separate voices with peculiar idioms. The interplay of voice and attitude were not easy to puzzle out, and many reviewers, according to Mr. Berryman and their own subsequent, made howlers. With this new volume of 308 more dream songs comes a rather impatient corrective from the author pointing out how simple it all is.

This last, the general context, is the true structure of Berryman's complete book of 385 individual, but not isolated, lyrics. It is not wise to contend that the ambitions of structure (with a capital S) can go hang, the individual lyrics being all that matters. In fact, the lyrics mostly explain each other's difficulties—sometimes across long distances—by tilting themes to a different angle, revisiting a location, repeating a cadence or redefining a point. It was Yeats's way and for that matter it was Petrarch's—(the long poem as an arrangement of small ones. One proof that this is the operative structure in

the *Dream Songs* is that the work feels more comfortable to read as one gets further into it. But if it is not wise to say that the structure is nothing and the individual lyric everything, it is still less wise to say that the work is unintelligible without a perception of its grand design. It is unlikely that a clear account of such a grand design will ever be forthcoming, although the chances of several bright young academic things building a career on the attempt are unfortunately 100 per cent. It will probably not be possible to chart the work's structure in the way that the *Divine Comedy*, for example, can be charted out in its themes, zones and stylistic areas. The development of this is the already mentioned fact that the multi-voiced interplay of 77 *Dream Songs* is in these later ones not so much in evidence; as a device it has yielded to ideas more productive, especially to the unabashed elegiac strain, sonorous as lamenting bagpipes, which in many ways makes this new book a convocation of the literary ghosts. One feels at the end of this new volume that there is no reason, except for the necessary eventual loss of inspiration, why the work shouldn't go on literally for ever—just as the *Cantos*, whose material is undigested information (Berryman digests his) could obviously go on to fill a library. The work has no pre-set, confining shape to round it out, and one doesn't see why the 385th song need absolutely be the last one; in the way one sees that the last line of the *Divine Comedy*, for many previously established reasons, must bring the poem to an end.

In brief, with the *Dream Songs* Berryman has found a way of pouring in everything he knows while still being able to tackle his themes one, or a few, at a time. Attacking its own preliminary planning and reducing it to material, the progressive structure advances to fill the space available for it—a space whose extent the author cannot in the beginning accurately guess at but must continue with the poem in order to discern.

The *Dream Songs* are thus a modern work, a work in which it is possible for the reader to dislike poem after poem and idea after idea without imagining that what he likes could have come into existence without what he dislikes. It is particularly worth remembering this point when one comes across gross moments which make one feel like kicking the book around the room. And it is particularly worth making this general point about the *Dream Songs* that the ambitions of structure (with a capital S) can go hang, the individual lyrics being all that matters. In fact, the lyrics mostly explain each other's difficulties—sometimes across long distances—by tilting themes to a different angle, revisiting a location, repeating a cadence or redefining a point. It was Yeats's way and for that matter it was Petrarch's—(the long poem as an arrangement of small ones. One proof that this is the operative structure in

Croce to liberate the *Divine Comedy* (the case is again relevant) from an inhumanly attentive *wissenschaft* and release the poetry within it to immediate appreciation. But of course the Crocean case was over-asserted. The poem does possess an informing structure, a structure which the reader must know in detail, though better later than sooner and better never than in the first instance. Berryman's *Dream Songs*, on their much smaller, less noble scale, likewise have a structure, and will continue to have it even when the scholars say they do. That is the thing to remember, that and the fact that the structure is inside rather than overall. Especially when a long poem is such a present to the academics as this one is, the humane student is engaged in a fight for possession from the very outset: he needs to remember that to be simple is to lose the fight. He must admit complication; certainly here, for the *Dream Songs* are extremely complicated, having almost the complexity of memory itself. They depend on the perception that the mind is not a unity but a plurality, and by keeping the talk going between these mental components, by never (or not often) lapsing into a self-censoring monologue, they convey their special sense of form. It's even possible to say that the poorest sections of the work are the sections where the poet's sense of himself is projected into it as a pose—where an attitude is struck and remains unquestioned in a work of art whose unique quality is to question all attitudes through the critical recollection of their history and a sensitive awareness of all the clichés attendant on the concept of the creative personality. And the personality in play is, of course, the creative one: the central motive of the *Dream Songs* can be defined as an attempt by a poet to examine himself without lapsing into self-regard. "The poem then," Berryman writes in his prefatory Note,

whatever its wide cast of characters, is essentially about an imaginary character (not the poet, not me) named Henry, a white American in early middle age sometimes in blackface, who has suffered an irreversible loss and talks about himself sometimes in the first person, sometimes in the third, sometimes even in the second; he has a friend, never named, who addresses him as Mr. Bones and variants thereof.

Not the poet and not me. But obviously, in what is mainly the story of a poet who is currently writing a poem which sounds remarkably like the one the reader is reading, the poet is the hero, a fact readily ascertainable from the amount of autobiographical material being used, some of which would be embarrassing if not rendered neutral by the poem's universalizing mechanisms, and some of which is not rendered neutral and consequently is embarrassing. The question is always being turned up, as the reader plunges on, of whether the author knows that every so often a certain insensitiveness, a certain easily recognizable "creative" belligerence, is getting through unqualified to the page. Here and only here is the central character "me" in the raw

sense: in the refined sense the "me" is representative of all artists, the hence of all men in their authentic productive moments. The embarrassing moments are probably best accepted as a contributory quality, a few lines of the stomach consequent upon the many thrills. The poem's device of voicing are not meant to distance personality but to reveal it; the doubts begin when we suspect that attitudes are reaching us which the poet has not analysed, that he does not realize he is being revealing as he is bound to be these. The important thing to say here is that the personality in the poem, manifold, oblique and self-examining in an oblique way, keeps all one's attention. The language never settles into anything less than readability, and even when the restlessness becomes a shaken manner in which one can see him, it is evident that something is being worried at: we are not just being dazzled with an attempt to dance meaning into existence. There is no much fake significance, though quite a lot of blurred.

Thematically, these new songs are first of all a disorderly, desperate and devoted funeral for Berryman's literary heroes, who might be called following the author's own terminology, the "lovely men". Of these, Delmore Schwartz is easily the star. His decline is convincingly (and perhaps fairly) illustrated. There are others towards whom this writer's attitude on society at large, but there is a more powerful evocation of a shyness to cope. "Admiration for the masters of his craft" was one of the emotions Edmund Wilson picked out as characterizing 77 *Dream Songs*. In the new book the same admiration for the masters continues, but in Schwartz's case (and to a lesser extent in Randall Jarrell's) it is long way beyond admiration, and good deal deeper than that, into a disturbed exploration of the artist's way of life in America now—and this comes again, through the internalizing of the poem has, is referred back to a condition of the poet-narrator, a condition of physical crack-up and fearful but no longer posthumous facing of the unpalatable truth. Some of the evocation of Schwartz's life seems a trifle cheap, like all the Greenwich Village memoirs coming up the less than compelling life of Little Joe Gould: here as in sporadic scenes of Irish pubbing loosely buried claims to a last abrupt way with the ladies, the underlying ideas of bohemiaism seem a touch conventional, the reactions provincially American as opposed to the acutely modern, post-war intelligence of the work's usual tone.

Exemplified by the poet's capacious admiration of Shirley Jones, supposedly "genuine" identification with the straightforward and simple reads as thick gullibility and sheer bad taste is the insufferably plodding farewell for Louis MacNeice, lack of "good taste" is one of the man's strengths. In the sense that can range anywhere for images to out a notion of fitness having way. But positive bad taste is of his weaknesses. His tough intellectual line, on the American touch, for instance, echoes the plays of "Spig" Weid: "this can bore you in an insistent insensitivity of delivery alone. There are moments when Berryman sounds a bit like John Wayne talking. For all his absorptive feeling for the fine details of life, Berryman's conception of America and of life itself seems curiously limited, even the book's elegiac strain is tinged keeping for the gift to edges perilously close to an elementary romanticism, whose implicit assumption is the withdrawal of support by the gods. Waiting for the end, boys. But at its best the *Dream Songs* is a voice near your ear, you listen to, turn towards it, and that you must turn again, and all around you, unplanned, in the cleft body: your own voice, it will have lived as long and could have condensed a way; a voice not only prepossessing, but vividly, somehow revivifying. A solitary station makes an appropriate final place.

I can't read any more of this (Critical Prose: the ground, broken, and watched himself and left) and want area.

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A. S. Jasper

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Hoxton was described in Booth's *Survey* as "one of the worst parts of London, where poverty and overcrowding are characteristic." This was in 1891 and things were much the same twenty years later when this story opens. Here a working class life as it was—seen through the sharp eyes of a boy who had no use for self-pity or false sentimentality. Without bitterness or maudlin sense of humour, the book records the poverty of a vanished world. 20s.

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Settling down

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER: *The Birth of the Nation*. Introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. 258pp. Hamish Hamilton, £2 10s.

This illuminating and elegant book is the posthumous work of one of the greatest American historians of this century, Arthur M. Schlesinger. It is, alas, only a fragment of the great work he proposed to write before he died. But it is, like all his books, admirably organized, and it is almost perfectly what, in this section, he had proposed to do. This is really a "portrait of the American people on the eve of Independence", as the sub-title puts it. The most impressive of the late Arthur Schlesinger's books was probably his great thesis on the colonial merchants, one of the most remarkable Ph.D. theses in American history, and a much vaster volume than our doctoral theses are wont to be.

The main theme of *The Birth of the Nation* is "social history". Arthur Schlesinger was a pioneer in stressing the importance of learning how people, especially "the common people", had lived. So we have here a series of closely linked essays on various aspects of the life of the European settlers who were beginning to feel themselves "Americans". Starting with the physical situation which faced the first settlers, with what one might call the ecology of the early plantations, Schlesinger went on to discuss the developments which in many ways turned the colonies away from Europe.

There is, of course, nothing here of the excessive stress on the frontier and of what one may call the "alienation theory" of Frederic Jackson Turner. Schlesinger knew how much of the European inheritance was

transferred across the Atlantic, how much justice there was in the application of Horace's phrase, *Caelum non mutatur quod trans mare currit*; but the inheritance of the settlers was not the simple English inheritance on which stress naturally, and in many cases rightly, has been put. Schlesinger knew well the very mixed ancestry of the settlers (even leaving out of consideration those compulsory immigrants, the Negro slaves), and he reminds us of the degree to which many of the habits and many of the artifacts of the colonists were not "Anglo-Saxon" in origin. Rightly, however, he stressed the Englishness of the original settlements. He avoided the ambiguous term "British"; but it is going too far to compare the provision for general education in New England with the neglect of it in Britain, if Britain is assumed to contain Scotland. There were plenty of Scotch "dominions" in Scotland as well as in the colonies, as readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember.

But Schlesinger rightly stressed the growth not only of a new type of non-feudal society but of a new type of urban society. We have learnt from a good many modern scholars, above all Carl Bridenbaugh, of the rise, cultivation and sophistication of the colonial cities, notably Philadelphia. We also know of the close relationship between the rising cities and the British cities and the British institutions of higher learning. Most of the colonial colleges were British in origin, either English or Scottish. Colleges like Rutgers were an exception. The mother country also provided not only an example, and not only permitted a brain drain, but often provided considerable grants of money. Perhaps Thomas Hollis ought to have been mentioned by a

very distinguished Harvard professor. It might be noted that there was nothing particularly American in the youth of many college students in the eighteenth century. Jeremy Bentham at Oxford and Adam Smith at Glasgow were not much older than Thomas Hutchinson and John Hancock when they entered Harvard. Schlesinger was perhaps, however, a little optimistic when he dismisses the Harvard rebellion with the phrase, "As in all undergraduate uprisings, the insurgents, upon being threatened with dismissal, quickly gave in with a 'Promise of future good Conduct'." It is possible that Harvard in 1769 will not be as fortunate as Harvard in 1766.

We learn of the importance, for the development of a scientific attitude, of the American share in the observation of the transit of Venus in 1769, and we learn also of the importance of the classical tradition exemplified in Plutarch. (We do not have a quotation of H. G. Wells's remark that it was Plutarch who prevented the revolutionaries from becoming any other nationality.) It was not only in the colonies or in Europe that the bacteriological causes of illness were little known—were they known at all before Pasteur's time? We learn of the symbolical importance of giving the name Pauli in honour of the Corsican hero for what is now merely a station on the Main line. We are also reminded, as we can hardly be reminded too often, of the adoption of the Virgilian tag, *novus ordo seclorum* which, alas, as is too commonly the case, is quoted in a form which does not scan, although the true text can be found on that sacred document, the dollar bill. But this is a masterly survey based not only on proven learning but also on a deeply thought out system of historiography

Wasp's eye view

ROGER THOMPSON: *The Golden Door*. 454pp. Altman and Son. £3 3s.

This history of the United States by a young English historian settled there is not only a good, it is a very large book of basic and often only moderately scholarly narratives. Mr. Thompson is a young scholar with ideas, and he has organized *The Golden Door* not on simple chronological lines but with an ingenious and usually illuminating method of harking forward, jumping over mere narrative to illustrate the later development of a doctrine, an interest, a section. It is all the more remarkable, then, that his total organization is so lopsided, for the twentieth century is dealt with much too cursorily and, in consequence, Mr. Thompson has in the later chapters fewer of those far-reaching perspectives which are such an attractive feature of his earlier chapters.

While politics are not neglected, Mr. Thompson is not confined

himself to mere political narrative. He is especially good on the geographical background and on what we may call the ecology of American history. Another useful feature is the selected and selective bibliographies at the end of each chapter.

Of course, since Mr. Thompson is selective, he is open to the criticism of readers with different standards. Thus too much stress is put on Partridge's highly tendentious works and Bray Hammond's *Banks and Politics* is omitted from the Jacksonian section. But Mr. Thompson has usually a good command of the literature and it is not necessary to agree with his judgments to find them interesting and, at least, plausible. It is probably no serious defect that this is, unconsciously, a "Wasp" book. Thus Mr. Thompson finds that *Canadien* "jingoism" is out of place at Quebec. This is revealing of an attitude that has helped to divide Canada: Kosovo is far more important to the Serbs than to the Turks, Flodden to the Scots than to the English, and most visitors to

Waterloo go to see where Napoleon was defeated not to where Wellington and Blücher won the "joint" victory. The alleged generosity of the English negotiators of the Treaty of Paris (or Versailles) of 1763 is contradicted in more than one place later.

Errors in detail don't matter much, but *constitution free* is not very happy, and the description of Beaumarchais as "the librettist of the *Marriage of Figaro*" is unjust to both Beaumarchais and to Lorenzo da Ponte. In any case, *Figaro* had not been written at the time "Hortalez & Cie" was created to do gun-running for the American rebels. Perhaps the Wasp attitude is revealed in the very title for Emma Lazarus's famous inscription on the Statue of Liberty (now one of the chief pieces in the repertoire of Senator Dinkins) is regarded by the descendants of "the refuse of your teeming shore" as a piece of cheek, no more tolerable for being the innocent concession of a Sephardic Jew. There are more ways than one of being a Wasp!

On behalf of the Irish

MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN: *The Irish at Bunker Hill*. Edited by Catherine Sullivan. 231pp. Shannon Irish University Press. £2 10s.

The late Dr. Michael O'Brien was an indefatigable fighter in a war that he partially won. Convinced that the contribution of the "Irish" to American history was important long before the great immigration of the nineteenth century, Dr. O'Brien, with an increasingly critical industry, searched the colonial records for evidence of the existence and public services of the "Irish", Catholic and Protestant. He campaigned against that very ambiguous term "Scotch-Irish", but was less willing to accept the fact that religion made a great difference. The "native" Americans might dislike all "Irish", Yankees like Henry Adams attributed some of the faults and follies of the James brothers to their Irish

ancestry. But it was an American to call the group thus misnamed by their proper name, "Ulster" or better still "Irish". Presbyterians (this would have avoided the difficulty of explaining or explaining away that pioneer Pittsburgh businessman, O'Hara, who was a Presbyterian but certainly not "Scotch-Irish"). After all, quite recently, General Sir Richard O'Connor has been High Commissioner of the Scottish General Assembly. What is he? But O'Brien and the editors of his posthumous book *The Irish at Bunker Hill* overstate their case. Mr. A. M. Sullivan can't bring himself to believe that such good "liberals" in modern American parlance as the Sullivan brothers were also anti-Papists. But they were: they might well have shared some of the views of Dr. Paisley. And faced with the undoubted fact that many of the soldiers of the tyrant George III were indubitably Irish, they are dismissed as "con-

scripts"—is there any evidence for this? Nearly everybody on the British side in the "Boston massacre" was "Irish" and, judging from the names, a great many were "mere Irish". But they were not conscripts. Too much credence is given to the theory that Henry Cabot Lodge saw the efforts of his ways. The Senator had almost lost his seat to John Fitzgerald, "Honey Fitz", in 1916. Fitzgerald's grandson was to defeat Senator Henry Cabot Lodge II in 1952 on his way to the White House and martyrdom. And Lodge, in his "war" against Wilson (who sometimes emphasized his Irishness), wanted to detach the Irish from their traditional allegiance to the Democratic party. For a time he succeeded, at any rate in Massachusetts. But perhaps the O'Brien crusade is needless today when the Kennedy dynasty has completely eclipsed the Lodges. *The Irish at Bunker Hill* is a shot fired in a war that is almost ended.

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Contemporary history

A science or an art? Between seventy and forty years ago, of history in general, historians debated this question with great passion. It was then that some of them were first impressed by the achievements of natural science while all of them remained ignorant of the nature and methods of scientific inquiry. Today they scarcely discuss it. It has been made irrelevant by the growing realization that at their best, as at their worst, the scientific and the historical activities engage identical intellectual processes and differ as do the various natural sciences among themselves only in their subject-matter.

History, like natural science, has its subdivisions. Like those in natural science, they are dictated by the subject-matter—by the nature of the problem. (The history of British merchant shipping in the eighteenth

century or during the Second World War sets the historian one type of problem. It is quite a different problem, calling for different evidence and different inquiries, to establish whether the concept of sovereignty existed in the Middle Ages, or to trace the evolution of that concept in later times.) But it has long been an occupational disease of historians to suppose that these subdivisions must be chronological; and nowhere have they so strongly displayed this tendency as in their objections to contemporary history. How can the sources for this be adequate or reliable? How can the historian achieve impartiality when he is studying events which affect him personally? When he does not know what will happen next, how can he obtain sufficient distance from what he is writing about to put his account into perspective? Of these questions the first two apply with equal force to every historical inquiry, while the last should remind us that even when he is inquiring into developments of which the outcome is known, the historian can sometimes attain to true historical perspective only by trying to forget what happened next. Yet levelled especially against contemporary history as they have been, it is these questions that have kept it in the dock and under professional suspicion, at least in recent times, and that have also created the situation in which contemporary history is supported by different societies to begin at different times: at 1789 in France, at 1871 in Italy, at 1890 or 1914 in Britain.

To judge by *Contemporary History*

in Europe, edited by D. C. Watt (Allen and Unwin, 351pp., £3), which incorporates the proceedings of an international conference held in 1966, even the growing ranks of contemporary historians have not yet wholly freed themselves from the chronological bias. One of its two preoccupations reveals them to be still on the defensive against these questions. Commenting on this in his brief introduction, Mr. Alan Bullock doubts whether they have got any nearer to answering them than did Thucydides or Clarendon, when the truth is that for Thucydides and Machiavelli and any other writer before the rise of the historical profession the questions did not exist. The other preoccupation is with the nuts-and-bolts difficulties that confront the research worker in the contemporary field. These difficulties are considerable. How are the archives to be best exploited when for recent times their bulk is so massive? What is the best way to persuade governments to relax their thirty-year or fifty-year rules, to mobilize non-government archives and to explore the several other routes by which that bulk may be further increased? By what means, above all, when the formidable size of the sources is matched by mounting numbers of researchers and research students, shall contemporary historians, nationally and internationally, overcome what several speakers at the conference called their "present chaos and inefficiency"? But none of the speakers seemed to recognize that these difficulties do not at all differ in kind from those that confronted the pioneers of professional medieval

history in the nineteenth century, take but one example, and that confront the professional in any other branch of history.

That they do not so differ is shown by the fact that in every branch of history and not only, as here, in contemporary history, it has long been to be advanced by way of solution that "the future belongs to the scientific institutes". This or may not be a wise conclusion, but to the extent that some greater degree of organization in historical studies is in either event unavoidable, contemporary historians will do well to remember that, for all the limitations of some of their problems, those of other historians, they are not from a special peril. Or, rather, the peril of antiquarianism in a new form. Among other historians, antiquarianism results when the past is studied with no regard for the present. Among contemporary historians it will arise when, once organization having brought with it greater specialization and greater exclusiveness, they forget that the historical dimension is for historians the equivalent, and the sole available equivalent, to the natural scientist's laboratory, and begin to study the recent without reference to the larger past.

Will arise? In some directions it has been rampant for some time, as anyone may see who cares to consider the gross foreboding of time-scales that has marked the work of the contemporary underdog world by specialists who have known no other worlds and no contemporary history.

suggested to some of the editors that they form, with his financial support, a new publishing house under the collective ownership of staff and authors. Subsequently, Karlheinz Braun, director of Suhrkamp's outstandingly successful theatre department, and Wolfgang Wiens decided to form an independent co-operative publishing house concentrating on avant-garde theatre. The authors joining them in this venture include Bazon Brock (who has attempted to bring the debate about the 'Warencharakter der Kunst' onto the stage), Peter Handke, Hartmut Lange, Gerlind Reinshagen, Martin Sperr and Jochen Ziem, all of whom were discussed in our front-page article, "German Theatre in the 1960s", on April 3.

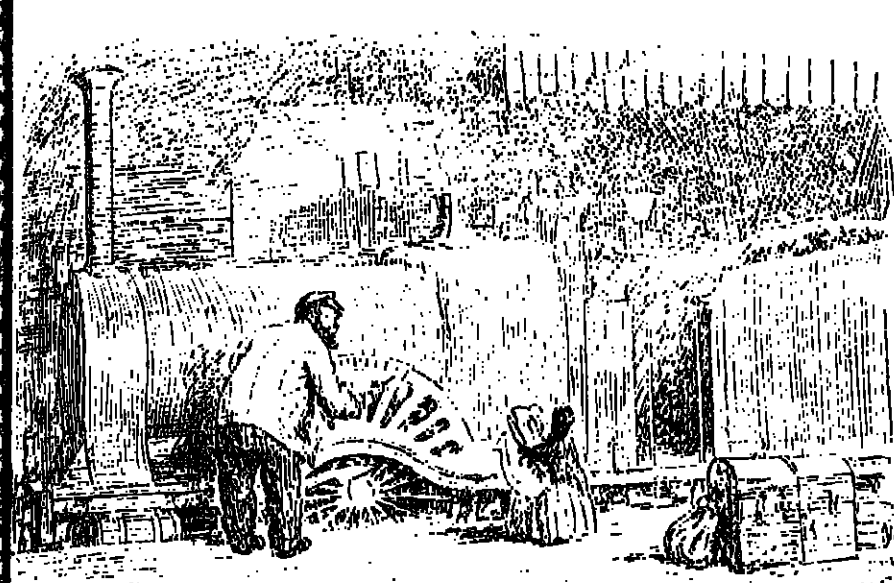
In the "Verlag der Autoren", the workers (the authors) will, needless to say, own their means of production (their typewriters), and "the producers of the surplus value (will) possess the right of disposal over their surplus product, their profit, and thereby fulfil the first basic economic requirement of socialist means of production". This is not a quotation from the *Critique of Political Economy* but from the authors' reply to Peter Weiss, that most uncompromisingly left-wing of German authors, who is notable by his absence from the col-

lective, Herr Weiss accused the "left work", but undoubtedly part of its co-operative "Verlag" of being "hybrid", and that as such it would be a break with the past. To him, the new work, he said, was the first inspiration trade, agents and theatres and that he hinder him in "carrying through his own work". He first heard stories about onslaughts against capitalism and socialism on the broadest possible basis. Even a revolutionary and good retail outlets.

A busy time will be had by the Royal Society of Literature today. In the afternoon the society holds its annual general meeting and at 6 p.m. Professor A.N. Edwards is delivering the Gifford Memorial Lecture on "The Anglo-Irish Temper". Sandwiched between these events is a rather mammoth society's president, will present the following awards: the A.C. Benson Medal (only the fourth to be awarded since the war) to Cecil Woodham-Smith; the 1968 R.S.L. award (best book by the W.H. Heinemann) to V.S. Pritchett for *A Cub at the Door* and the 1968 R.S.L. award (under the name of the 1968 R.S.L. award) to Winifred Holtby (best book by the Corgi Press) for *The Round*.

The children's Falstaff

BY NICHOLAS TUCKER



One of E. H. Shepherd's illustrations to *The Wind in the Willows*

ALTHOUGH *The Wind in the Willows* was written over sixty years ago, there are still no signs of its popularity waning among today's children and parents. It is now in its eighth edition, has a huge annual sale, and Christmas A.A. Milne's adaptation *Toad and Toad Hall* is put on in the West End to

these are many enchanting things in the book, but undoubtedly part of its co-operative "Verlag" of being "hybrid", and that as such it would be a break with the past. To him, the new work, he said, was the first inspiration trade, agents and theatres and that he hinder him in "carrying through his own work". He first heard stories about onslaughts against capitalism and socialism on the broadest possible basis. Even a revolutionary and good retail outlets.

Esays a great deal about children's reading habits that they should so take to this "bad animal", in Graham's own words, rather than to some of the more exalted characters who have appeared in children's books. In his own opinion, of course, Toad is the personification of the spoilt infant and is generally shown in a very light, despite nagging from his books for adults who look to children's books for their generally improving society's president, will present the following awards: the A.C. Benson Medal (only the fourth to be awarded since the war) to Cecil Woodham-Smith; the 1968 R.S.L. award (best book by the W.H. Heinemann) to V.S. Pritchett for *A Cub at the Door* and the 1968 R.S.L. award (under the name of the 1968 R.S.L. award) to Winifred Holtby (best book by the Corgi Press) for *The Round*.

time way. When corrected, Toad can be quite genuinely sorry, but his sob's never last for very long, and cannot disguise his basic single-minded obstinacy. Indeed, this is the most violent infantile tantrum, where it takes two other animals to haul him upstairs to bed in disgrace, after having been rude and defiant to the stern parent-figure, Mr. Badger.

There is one especially interesting way in which Toad comes close to the hearts of today's children, and in a manner that Graham could hardly have predicted. Toad was, perhaps, the first of the demon car drivers, or in his own phrases: "Toad the terror, the traffic-killer, the Lord of the road, before whom all must give way, before whom all must give way, or be smitten into nothingness and everlasting night." Children still warm to this fearful example far more than to any respectable puppet or pulchritudinous demon-strating the canons of road safety. Whatever the frightening statistics and the extra menace since Graham's day, children's sympathies still seem to belong basically with the Ladbroke Park in this tragic field, and the following report from the *Telegraph*, although not recent, is still typical in this:

Over 1,000 Belfast school children were shown a series of films dealing with road safety in the Ritz cinema this morning. . . . The children's reactions to the pictures were worthy of note. They cheered the accidents, and laughed when an elderly cyclist wobbling over the road caused a collision ending in the death of one boy and the maiming of another.

Indeed, one can almost imagine Toad, with his seven smashes and three bouts in hospital under his belt, joining heartily in the fun.

Finally, of course, Toad renounces his old self, just as his audience one day will have to turn away from childhood. But typically, and consistent with Toad's almost irrepressible high spirits, this personal transformation is only wrung out of him extremely unwillingly after a final fling where Toad shows that he

has no intention at all of learning any lessons from his previous bad behaviour.

Indeed, young readers sometimes wonder how long this change of personality is really going to last, and answering one such inquiry later on, Graham himself wrote, "Of course Toad never really reformed; he was by nature incapable of it. But the subject is a painful one to pursue".

In his admirable biography, *Kenneth Grahame*, Peter Green traces the origin of Toad to Graham's son, Alastair, along with touches of Horatio Bottomley and Oscar Wilde in Toad's penchant for loud clothes, after-dinner speaking and final downfall and imprisonment. There is also a certain ludicrous resemblance to the adventures and return of Ulysses. But there is surely another literary origin that must be mentioned, both in his likeness to Toad's actual shape and in his general effect upon the other characters. Graham himself was for some time Honorary Secretary to the New Shakespeare Society, and Shakespeare was always one of his favourite authors; surely, when writing about Toad the image of Falstaff must have had some influence over him too. As it is, both characters have an intimate, although enforced, connexion with laundry, which finally results in their being thrown into the Thames. They each dress up as somebody else's aunt, and make a presentable, if finally unsuccessful, shot at passing off as an elderly lady. But more importantly, of course, through both of them runs the spirit of personified Riot, a perpetual and irrepressible threat to the status quo both of their friends and of the rather stuffy society outside that condemns them so freely. Falstaff torments the Lord Chief Justice, while Toad, never short of repartee, receives fifteen years' imprisonment for his "gross impertinence" to the rural police. Although Graham described *The Wind in the Willows* as "Clean of the clash of sex", Toad alone has an eye for the women and takes it for granted that the Goshier's daughter has fallen in love with him, in spite of the social snail that also separates Pankratz from Doll Tearheart. Toad's version of his escape from prison improves with each telling very much like Falstaff's Gadshill exploits, and the while Falstaff is renowned at the end of the old play, the riverbank animals renounce the old Toad, and the book itself goes on to assure us, as opposed to Graham's letter quoted earlier, that the new Toad goes on to win the universal respect of all local inhabitants.

around him. Falstaff, in spite of or possibly because of what Tolstoy described as his "Gluttony, drunkenness, debauchery, valetude, deceit and cowardice", is probably Shakespeare's most popular comic character; Toad, that "dangerous and desperate fellow", has always been an especial favourite with children.

In fact, so far as adults were concerned, *The Wind in the Willows* had a cool reception to begin with, and was memorably condemned by *The Times*, which found that "As a contribution to natural history, the work is negligible". Opinion soon changed, however, often through the enthusiasm of children. The American President Theodore Roosevelt, for example, was persuaded by his family to give the book a second reading, and overcame his initial disappointment to become an enthusiastic convert. For children themselves, *The Wind in the Willows*, and especially the adventures of Toad, constituted one of those few books written not at them but for them. Toad himself was a character who dared to do and express many of the things they may often have felt like doing, and such children could both feel superior to Toad's obvious deficiencies and excesses and also revel in them at the same time. With any amount of opportunity for moralizing, Graham leaves the field mercifully clear to a few, largely unsuccessful efforts by the other riverbank animals to get Toad to mend his ways.

In fact, all the characters Graham created are real and alive and in Toad he gave us a character who was even larger than life and in this sense, surely, becomes the children's Falstaff, whether Graham consciously intended the connexion or not. We do not find in these pages any of those miserable creations who are merely the mouthpieces for an adult's stereotyped vision of what is considered to be especially suitable for children. And in this, as in so many other things, *The Wind in the Willows* continues to be an object lesson for many of those who are writing for children today.

There are two main editions of *The Wind in the Willows*, published by Methuen. Both have colour and line illustrations by E. H. Shepherd at 30s., and by Arthur Rackham at 35s. Perhaps the Shepherd edition just wins, with its abundant line illustrations brilliantly characterizing the different animals, although Rackham is far better at capturing the actual atmosphere of the river and surrounding countryside. Cheaper editions containing Shepherd's line illustrations alone are published by Methuen at 21s., 12s., and at 3s. 6d. in paperback.

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A black and white photograph showing a person sitting on the ground in a wooded area. The person is wearing a dark jacket and light-colored pants. They are surrounded by trees and foliage, with a large tree trunk visible in the foreground. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, almost stencil-like appearance.



EDWARD ARDIZZONE has written and illustrated twelve popular picture-story books, including **JOHNNY THE CLOCKMAKER**, **NICHOLAS AND THE FAST MOVING DIESEL**, and **PETER THE WANDERER**. He is best-known as the creator of the nine **Tim** books – brilliant picture-stories about the nautical adventures of Little Tim which are now recognised as classics in their own field. **TIM ALL ALONE** was awarded the Kate Greenaway Medal for 1956.

OXFORD
University Press



Old acquaintance

THE 1969 edition of *Tales of Old Acquaintance* brings up to date a book which is valuable for many details of children's writers whom the usual works of reference do not include: such forgotten Victorians, for instance, as Elizabeth Anna Hart, Frances Crompton and S. R. Crockett. Roger Lancelyn Green is also able to contribute specialist studies of authors on whom he is an authority. Mrs. Molesworth (whom he describes as "the Jane Austen of the nursery"), A. F. W. Mason, and Andrew Lang. Originally designed as an introduction for children to children's literature, it was recast in 1965 for the adult reader and, with its chatty style and simplified approach, it now hovers uneasily between the two.

The sub-title "children's books and their authors from 1800-1968" may suggest that it is a comprehensive history, but the author disclaims this idea in his latest preface, and admits that his interest lies chiefly in the writers of the second half of the nineteenth century. Authors before Lewis Carroll and after Frances Hodgson Burnett in fact only receive a few pages. But even allowing for this, the choice of books is very idiosyncratic. Mr. Green has somewhat rashly included all manner of authors whom he evidently enjoyed as a boy, but who would have been startled to find themselves described as children's writers. Bulwer Lytton, for instance, and Harrison Ains-

worth. Inevitably one wonders if *The Last Days of Pompeii* is to be discussed, why not *Oliver Twist*, *Jane Eyre*, *Gulliver's Travels*? Or why not Scott, who used to be read hungrily by every bookish child? The book, in fact, is a record of personal enthusiasm rather than an impartial study of the subject. It seems to cater best for the elderly reader who loves to dwell nostalgically on what he read during the course of an old-fashioned childhood.

The 1969 edition brings the chronological list of "famous or representative children's books" up to date, with some second thoughts (about Mr. Green's own books, among others) on what are the important publications of the past fifteen years.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN: *Tales of Old Acquaintance*. Faber and Ward, 30s.

WALTER DE LA MARE: *The Three Royal Monkeys*. Faber and Faber. Paperback 10s.

De la Mare's incomparable story of the quest of the three Royal Monkeys for their inheritance in the strange land of Vishnar in Munza language Vishnar means that which cannot be thought about in words, or told, or expressed—was first published in 1910. Hard to believe though one realizes now the traces it has left, for it is an ageless book that could colour a child's imagination for a lifetime. For the short-winded readers of today it is a splendid book for reading aloud.

THE LONG TRADITION

GEORGE WHITE DASENT began taking an interest in Scandinavian myths and legends while serving in the diplomatic corps in Sweden. His *Popular Tales from the Norse*, translations of the stories collected in the 1840s by Asbjørnsen and Moe, was published in 1859. The present reissue by the Bodley Head, complete except for the West Indian Anansi stories included by Daseht for purposes of comparison, and embellished with a headpiece to each tale showing that overworked

to the stars that he beyond. In Garner's words: "We have lost our faith in the terror of the cornfield and the dark wood, but we still need terror." Folk tales are to some extent an attempt to externalize our fears and to establish a community of terror.

For this reason we should not be afraid of letting our children have such stories. It is often said that children enjoy frightening themselves, and so they should. They are young and high-hearted and it is right that



From *Popular Tales from the Norse*

artist William Stobbs at his distinguished best, is something of a landmark. Anything less like the conventional image of the Victorian diplomat would be hard to imagine. Daseht's outright refusal to bowdlerize, his ear for language and above all the ruthless gusto of the whole proceedings make these tales as tough and fresh as if they had been taken down today.

That these tales are tough is beyond a doubt. If folk tales belong to the childhood of a race, this is no sheltered Eden. Blyton childhood where Little Noddy can run to a policeman to establish order. Each must depend on his own wits and courage for survival, and weakness is as punishable as wickedness. It is a world of violence, too, where eyes are plucked out, trolls burst from looking on the sun and maid can be torn to pieces by the hero in the guise of a bear king. "Stuff and nonsense," said the king: "she's only a maid, besides it's more my affair than yours." But, though the damage is often reparable by magic, and veins run more with sword than with blood, as Daseht says in his introduction, readers may find on second thoughts "not only that the softening process would have spoiled these popular traditions for all except the most childish readers, but that the things which shocked them at first blush are, after all, not so very shocking."

There is, in fact, little that even the most childish could not stomach. While as for bowdlerization of another kind, the weddings and beddings that abound are of such practical kind as to defy the most determined attempt to read anything undesirable into them. The only sign of age in the whole book is the translator's pious hope that "good children" will refrain from reading the last two stories—surely a direct invitation to do so even in 1859—but the reader who lurches to these first will be sadly disappointed.

The truth is that terror, like other kinds of stimulus, is largely dependent on experience. The actual physical carnage so appalling to adults can be treated with the utmost matter-of-factness by the young. She's dead and that's an end of her. But the creeping horror of the unknown, of what Alan Garner in his introduction to *The Haintham Book of Goblins* calls "the mere stoppers, boundary-hunters," the eldritch shapes that hover on the verge of consciousness; this is within the range of our imagination from our earliest years.

Every child that lies in bed and sees the shadows looming on the wall is reacting to the potential strangeness of the universe. The smaller we feel in relation to the world around us, the more we are conscious of the otherness of things and if modern man has built himself a bastion of science to fend off this world, he is none the less vulnerable

the unknown should excite them. It is only the old who flinch away.

What both these books have in common is a certain directness, a refusal to compromise which makes them real in a way that retellings of stories handed down from oral tradition are too often not. Alan Garner's interpretation of "goblins" is broad and idiosyncratic. He has chosen stories with a particular quality of imagination which appeals to him. Their provenance is wide and includes many Celtic, Japanese and Indian sources. The absence of tales from Greece and Rome may be due less to the fact that classical myth leaves him, as he says, "cold as marble" than to the strong literary associations of those stories we have. The common folk of Greece and Rome had their buggers too, still to be found today in the remotest countryside as a living tradition.

A distinguishing characteristic of Alan Garner's book is the scrupulousness with which he has indicated the origins of his stories. His editing in all cases is confined to bringing out the most striking qualities of the original and ranges from discreet clarification of some dialect words to almost complete rewriting of a good idea in a poor setting. Here, as with Sir George Daseht, it is the quality of the English presentation which allows the stories to be almost themselves.

Alan Garner's own talents and imagination are placed at the service of his material rather than striving to dominate it, carrying it back to the oral traditions from which it sprang. Compare the beginning of his first story, "Gobleknok": "There was a hill that ate people. The Rabbit's grandmother told him never to hear it" with one of Daseht's: "Once on a time there was a man who had to drive his sledge to the wood for fuel. So a Bear met him". In one and the other, the first line takes us into the midst of the story, eager to know what will come next.

Something of the same simplicity is to be found in Ruth Manning-Sanderson's retellings of fairy tales and legends. Though somewhat prettier than either of the foregoing, neither *A Book of Princes and Princesses* nor *The Flying Book of the Flying Book* is as good as the other. The tale of "The Antimolly Birds" is particularly good. When writers for children have some inner compulsion if it is to convince and endure. The process is different from a child's, but the end is the same: suspension of disbelief. "Our dreams are tales," wrote de la Mare, and we have the Red Queen, the Psammead, the Borrowers and others to prove it, not to mention settings like Narnia, Green Knowe, Eldorado and Tom's midnight garden. Never mind how the fantasies arise. The degree of the writer's inner acceptance of them—perhaps even his need of them—will be the measure of their validity and their power to enthrall, even when childhood has been left far behind.

Of these books of fantasy and magic the best and most original are *Princes and Princesses* and *The Flying Book of the Flying Book*. Both authors enter with confidence that dangerous territory, the fairy and folk domes, to try to add anything new to the corpus of stories that have withstood centuries of retelling requires some legerity, but it is well justified. Both writers slip easily from the world of everyday reality to that of enchantment without ruffling a hair. They can transfer people and objects from one landscape to the other with a steady hand and unflinching voice. A good example of the delicious high-handedness both writers display with their material can be taken from Miss Aiken's tale *The Lilac in the Lake*.

There's many stories in our countryside; one grows out of another as quick as groundsel. If a farmer has a dog well trained to answer the phone, or someone's house falls down because the builder forgot the mortar, or a boggy fit with the family in the evenings, playing Scrabble and forecasting the winner of the Derby, you may be sure the news will get all over the village in a twinkling.

Though alike in their calm assurance the authors' voices relating their outrageous fantasies with perfectly straight faces, and what is more, never at a loss for another story to cap the last one.

Victor the Viking is a kind of spoof folk story, with modern jokes dressed up in historical costume. The comic adventures of a Viking boy whose ingenuity gets his family and comrades out of some tight corners is readable but entirely forgettable. This short passage gives the flavour of the writing:

I haven't the smallest wish to do any doughty deeds [says young Victor], I am quite satisfied to be as I am. It is only folk with an inferiority complex who have to throw their weight about.

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Magic: pure and applied

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ance that they will be believed. Miss Aiken and Miss Farmer both possess a distinctly individual style. Miss Farmer's stories are short, pithy and often deceptively simple. Miss Aiken's tales are longer and more intricately wrought. Both writers have the same quality of personal commitment. The reader feels himself buttonholed and can almost hear



From *A Small Pinch of Weather*

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It is a light-hearted, amusing book, but it is difficult to understand how it won the German Youth Book Prize in 1965.

Stumpf and the Cornish Witches is rather more substantial, and there is much in it that is enjoyable. This is the author's second book about the wizard Stumpf and his wife Cordelia, and they have now been bewitched into a rather tiresome old couple, perpetually nagging, perpetually fearful. Far too much of the book is taken up with explanations and recounting of earlier happenings, and it is not till about thirty pages before the end that the Cornish witches of the title make their appearance. Well may the Canadian boy, Tud, wish "that Stumpf would get on with the story". All the same, the book has its good moments and the author's strong sense of humour is a saving grace.

A word must be said about the illustrations. Pearl Falconer's small drawings for *The China People* are rather feeble, far below the quality of the book. Pat Marriott, however, illustrates Joan Aiken's stories with bold black and white drawings, reminiscent of Beardsley. They display a mastery of draughtsmanship, and why some of them should be rather revolting is something of a puzzle. They have none of the author's humour and sometimes seem an unpleasant distortion of the tales they illustrate. *Stumpf* comes off best with illustrations by John Lawrence which give the wizard and his wife an endearing ugliness, and their enemies, the Atlas witches, a powerful air of wickedness.

PELLEW FARMER: *The China People*. Illustrated by Pearl Falconer. Chilton and Windus, 15s.

JOAN AIKEN: *A Small Pinch of Weather*. Illustrated by Pat Marriott. Cape, 18s.

RUNE JONSSON: *Victor the Viking*. Translated from the Swedish by Lilian Seaton. Illustrated by Ewert Karlsson. Brockhampton Press, 16s.

JOHN LAWRENCE: *Stumpf and the Cornish Witches*. Illustrated by John Lawrence. Cape, 18s.

Nice and nasty

This is in many ways an entertaining piece of rather girlish science fiction, which owes a great deal to E. Nesbit and is none the worse for that. It is a pity, though, that those jarring contrasts between nice English and endearingly naive English should have been retained from another age, that the children

should congratulate their ancestor on her remarkable lack of snobbery in marrying the gardener's boy. For it will make the book hard to take for all but a tiny minority of reading adolescents.

ANTONIA BARBER: *The Ghosts*. Cape, 18s.

ANTONIA BARBER has disposed of her family's father in a car crash during a successful concert tour of America. The sorrowing and stalwart mother is left in genteel poverty in Camden Town to bring up her three children. Then the family is spirited away by an ancient lawyer to look after a haunted house in the country. James and Lucy, unfailingly fond of each other and decent to the core, find themselves involved with the ghosts of two children who, 100 years before, had been burned to death by a cruel woman. The old lawyer seems, in being given a second chance, for he had failed to save them the first time. If the scene is recreated now, and the two modern children believe him and the ghostly children, the Wheel of Time can be stopped, and history rearranged.

It is hard not to feel a nagging resentment that the old lawyer should be given a second chance when no one else is. The point is, ingratiatingly, that only children can believe in magic enough to make it work. Adults are "too old, too insensitive" and the lawyer must enlist the support of these nicely spoken and un-hysterical children if history is to be unspooled with and he reinstated and allowed an honourable death. The children's reward for their part in the adventure is predictable. The old lawyer saved, it turns out, was their great-grandmother, and the house and estate will come to honest James, whose disarming reaction to it all is, "If I read about this in a book..."

to whom the world belonged before men came. The Coyote, the Changer is at work. "You do wrong," Black Elk says. "Now you do right." The smoke rises, and Cory is no longer wholly Cory but also Yellow Shell the Beaver.

The attempts of Cory-Yellow Shell to do right, the people he meets and the perils he faces are an enthralling tale in themselves, heightened by the sense of mystery and a strange, urgent necessity underlying all. When at last it is all over and the world turns once again, Cory is no longer afraid.

Fur Magic is a book of many levels. The adventure runs true and gripping to the end but it raises many questions besides, such as the nature of right and wrong and whether what one fights is evil or merely an aspiration of a different kind from one's own. Strong medicine, this.

ANDREW NORTON: *Fur Magic*. Hamish Hamilton, 15s.

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**CHATTO,
BOYD
& OLIVER**

THE BONES OF HISTORY

THREE STORIES of earlier days use archaeological research and remains as a springboard back into their chosen period. In *The Mermaid's Daughter* we are even given the grounds for the setting of the tale: the Scilly Islands in the second century A.D., shown as a cult centre of the Sea Goddess. She is also called the Mermaid and seems to have some of the qualities of Aphrodite, in her connexion with the sea and her symbol the shell. The author even connects the Christian pilgrim sign of the cockle shell with this earlier sign. The story is told by Astria, the young girl chosen as the Mermaid's daughter, earthly representative of the goddess. The author fabricates, with almost over-detailed sweetness, an idyllic life where love and service to one's neighbour, and devotion to nature and to every creature, are the natural principle of all who serve the goddess. Among the more dedicated too there is a continual consciousness of the spirits of the dead all over the islands: here equated with the Islands of the Blessed of ancient writers, and the heavenly islands of Celtic legend. Anyone who knows the charmed Scilly Islands will have no objections to this, whether it be true or not.

Against this gentle civilization is placed the sophisticated Roman one, its cruelties to man and beast in sharp contrast. Indeed, the only villain in the book is Astria's uncle, a Roman secretly deputed to stamp out the goddess cult. The story is a simple, romantic and very consciously whole-some love story. Astria's first true love is Hallorig, an Iberian whom she saves from drowning. When he fails to return from a mission to save his people, she marries, secondly, Justinus, a good Roman commander, and has a sojourn in Britain. But after his death, Hallorig's unexpected return, proving the truth of the quotation which adorns the book:

... true love is a durable fire
in the mind ever burning. ...

And why not? The rich and rapturous telling will undoubtedly thrill the impressionable adolescent girls of sensibility and spirituality for whom these Gollancz romances must be intended: and they will find a torch of hopeful truth to remember when the dream age turns into reality.

In *The Furthestmost Fort* we are in the Roman empire of 200 years later. Molly Wheeler gives us a picture of Romano-British life from 407 to 412, mainly seen through the eyes of Taran, an amusingly drawn school-boy of thirteen when the story starts, and nephew of the newly-elected Emperor Constantine III, who has just been pushed into the purple by the acclamation of the legions in Britain. Taran's Uncle Flavius is shown as a kindly, well-meaning, if slightly

obtuse soldier, full of good intentions of keeping Pict, Scot, and Saxon out of Britain, and mixed by one of his generals into invading Gaul and Spain, thus putting himself into direct opposition with the rightful Emperor Honorius. It is a complicated bit of imperial history, involving also Visigoths, Vandals, Franks, Alani, and Alaric and his Goths. Transporting Taran to his uncle's imperial palace at Arles for a free education, the author picks her way through the motives of Alaric, and the dealings of Constantine III with the Emperor Honorius, with an appearance of assured confidence.

Because of the distinctness of the characters, and because of the crisp, direct and often ironical tone of their voices, the story stood up to at least one non-historian reader as entertaining and convincing. Taran himself is lovable, making an imaginative game with Alaric and later actually meeting him, and so are his family and his schoolmaster. Uncle Flavius, the emperor, and his two sons, one religious, one spoilt, are quite convincing, too. But dare we really imagine a monastery in Winchester as early as 407? And is not the schoolmaster a good many hundred years too early with his Christian calendar, associated with the age of Bede?

The Bell of Nendrum is one of those going-back stories. Nial goes back during a freak storm to a tenth-century monastery on Mahee island in Strangford Lough, when he is sailing his dinghy alone for a week. He knows, and the monks do not, that they are to be attacked and sacked, for he knows the place as a ruin. And Nial is actually there for this attack, by treasure-seeking Danes, before he regains the present. It is a shapely idea, and the author has made the details of the archaeological account, and the objects seen by Nial later in the museum, tally with what happens at the sacking, and the treasures Nial is destined to rescue when he is "back there". For the abbot tosses out to Nial, from the flaming bellhouse, a bag of treasures which include the bell and a splendid chalice. Nial and his chief monk-friend escape with these, in the course of which Nial suddenly finds himself "back". But the place where the chalice has been found proves to be that Caillan got away with it in safety to an abbey in central Ireland. All ingenious, and each separate world fairly real, yet no compelling and uncomfortable sense of the possibility of times parallel.

Almost equal in interest with the historical material is the sailing lore itself. Racing a Viking ship, or using wind and motor among those creeks and islands, gives great opportunities for accurate detail, though a reader almost needs to know the geography to follow this. A good deal of fun is also got out of the monks' interest and delight in Nial's shoes, watch, outboard motor, canned food and chocolate.

Kenneth McLeish's avowed aim in his retelling from the Aeneid in *Land of the Eagles* is to produce "completely imaginative writing for children" based on the classics. He has made "little Julius", the small boy hustled through flaming Troy holding his father Aeneas's hand, into a lad able to fight his own way, and tells the story through him. The outline of the story is here, from the wooden horse, to Dido, to Italy, and the defeat of Turnus; and it seems at first readable if not compelling, and to be carried out in a not unworthy style (though there are a few hair-raising lapses, as when Aeneas is made to say "This is it, Iulus. . . . May the gods give us luck 1-1"). The lack of compulsion may be because lusus never seems particularly alive or real, and indeed has a strangely modern conscience about the horrors of war despite his strong feeling for the destiny of his tribe. Neither do the other epic characters come alive. And when one turns to the epic itself, and it comes flooding back in all its many and artful dimensions, not least the dimension of the *numinous*, one wonders whether this is any balanced representation, even of the story? What of Aeneas's descent to Avernus, the appearance of his dead wife Creusa, the warning ghost of great Hector, bruised as in death? However, Aeneas's vision of the household gods, warning him that Crete is not their destined home, is given to young lusus, with some force. No doubt there are many other instances where the author has made a brave compromise in an impossibly difficult job.

JOYCE GARD: *The Mermaid's Daughter*. Gollancz, 21s.

MOLLY WHEELER: *The Furthestmost Fort*. Illustrated by Ray Ogden. Dent, 21s.

J. S. ANDREWS: *The Bell of Nendrum*. Bodley Head, 18s.

KENNETH MCLEISH: *Land of the Eagles*. Illustrated by Graham Humphreys. Longmans Young Books, 18s.

And Also . . .

HENRY TREECE: *Viking's Dawn, The Road to Mikingard, Viking's Sunset*. Illustrated by Christine Price. Bodley Head, 18s, each. *The Queen's Brooch*. Puffin Books, 4s.

The first three books form a newly-designed standard edition of Henry Treece's great Viking trilogy describing the adventures and journeys of Harold Sigurdsson—by North Sea, White Sea and Middle Sea—from his boyhood to his death. *The Queen's Brooch*, the last historical novel written by Henry Treece before his death in 1966, is the moving story of a Roman boy—son of a Tribune, himself to become one—growing up in Lincoln at the time of Boniface. The brooch of the title is here.

TIMES OF TROUBLE

IN 1803 Tripoli was a corsair city, and powerful enough to sell treaties of immunity from the raids of her pirates to countries as great as France and England. America was at war with Tripoli, and when *Captive of the Corsairs* opens, one of her new frigates, Philadelphia, has just been captured by the corsairs. On this incident (which actually took place) a colourful, exciting adventure, succinctly and rather subtly written, is based.

Two Irish children, Tom and his sister Cathleen, who have been slaves in Tripoli for the past five years, become involved in the attempt to avenge the capture of the Philadelphia. The man in charge of the operation is Stephen Decatur, commander of the American schooner *Enterprise*, and his portrait is one of the best things in this well-written book. He emerges as a man set apart by his dedication to the pursuit of glory, yet able to inspire hero-worship in those he leads. Ultimately one finds him interesting, admirable in many ways but not a completely sympathetic character.

This is typical of the treatment of the whole story, in which a certain subtlety of characterization and perception, a complete lack of sentimentality, and the easy, unforced quality of the writing, make the characters.

and the action convincing. The author has the gift of concise and vivid presentation both of character and of situation, and the people and events these two very likable children encounter are sharply, concisely and vividly drawn. The ending is enchanting. This is a book which most children will love and which can be strongly recommended.

The Blind Cross is set in 1211, a few years after the Fourth Crusade. England has been excommunicated by the Pope, Jerusalem is in the hands of the Saracens, and in France there is warfare between orthodox Christians and the Albigensian heretics. It is in this troubled and confused setting that the story of Alan Fitzalan, heir to the House of Arnesy, and of his brother Mat and sister Alice takes place.

When the story opens, Alan's lands have been usurped by his uncle, Alan, accompanied by Mat, Alice, and Benedict his vassal knight; go to his mother's family in the Languedoc to seek their help. But here they are drawn into the mysterious and dangerous world of the Albigensian heretics and the four of them have to pass through a great many dangers and ordeals—both physical and spiritual—before they get what they are after.

This is a competently written book, in which it is refreshingly taken

JAMES BARBARY: *Captive of the Corsairs*. (Adventures in History.) Nisus Donald, 16s.

MICHAEL MOTT: *The Blind Cross*. (Time, Place and Action Books.) André Deutsch, 21s.

HISTIER BURTON: *Through the Fire*. Illustrated by Garvyn Lloyd. (Action Books.) Hamish Hamilton, 8s 6d.

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METHUEN

Evidence of England

PROVOCATIVE, stimulating, mad-dening, exciting, disjointed, brilliant, compressed, illuminating—these are a few of the adjectives that flood into the mind as one reads and re-reads, for this is a book which could not be absorbed even at a hurried sitting. Peter Vansittart's *Green Knights, Black Angels: a History of History*. Who will read and re-read it? The dedicated adolescent historian who thrills to fresh aspects of his subject, and the adult who perhaps teaches history, art, civics, philology, literature or religion and enjoys being given a shot in the arm. This will surely be Mr. Vansittart's primary (and flattering) assumption that all of us can follow him anywhere—up and down the centuries. In and out of cultures, the world over—than this, and become a first filled with amazement at the author's rich scholarship, then fascinated by his startling ability to lay illuminating conclusions from his evidence. Every paragraph, every sentence on some pages, is a challenge to the intellect. And some passages are pure poetry.

The land had grown castles: towering shadows thrown across the meadows. . . . We see them on the hill-tops from the sea, or at the end of plains, a set hard and grim on islands as if a flaming dream had turned to stone. Sometimes, looking up at their turrets as if with deformed eyes, we can read being alone.

Peter Vansittart's view of history—that of Oscar Wilde, whom he quotes: "He to whom the present is the only thing that is present knows nothing of the age in which he lives." Mr. Vansittart gets out to write a book which will be "not a memorial to England but evidence of England". This evidence he finds in language and building, weapon and hill, poetry and graffiti, law and custom.

The Middle Ages are not extinct. . . . The everyday imagination [is] filled with traditions, superstitions, attitudes inherited from the past. . . . Children are more often in the Middle Ages than out of them.

His method, where discernible, is to cram as much evidence as possible into his pages ("Some Celtic words survive or half survive, Brock [Badger], Dun(Hill), cradle, alan, bit, Hip Hip Hooray has been claimed as part of a tree-worshipping chant. . . . Slogan is a Gaelic war cry. . . .") and to keep the reader always on the alert by compressing history into bursting paragraphs to which the reader's own knowledge is the only liberating force.

The adventure of 1066, reduced to its most stark and tragic simplicity on the Bayeux Tapestry, is still powerful. A year of the bitter confinement, like planets, of four remarkable men under the glare of Halley's Comet. The English Confessor; murderous, resourceful Harold; Harold, capable, over-ambitious at the last and the business-like Duke enveloping even God in his diplomacy. Four different, though overlapping contrasts in courage. They remain fixed in their primitive attitudes, though, to see them in perspective, we might remember that in 1066 the ancient Chinese Empire under the Sungs was experimenting with state socialism.

This is a fair example of Mr. Vansittart's "straight" historical style but he breaks up his narrative with challenging epigrammatic judgments—"Empire, republic, soviet like have crashed through lack of generosity"—themselves—leavened with apt quotation from world literature.



Both illustrations from *Green Knights, Black Angels*.

up the talents and enormities of her family. And he can make the philosophy of an age live in the mind for ever by finding a piquant example of its application: who will ever forget that the medieval Christians venerated the soul and despised the body once he has been told that Agnes was canonized for not washing?

But Peter Vansittart's aim is not primarily to entertain, though his book is shot through with wry comment and humorous paradox. *Green Knights, Black Angels*, besides being evidence of England, is evidence of Mr. Vansittart's philosophy of history, his hatred of war, his withering contempt for totalitarianism, his reverence for the enlightened ideas of More and Erasmus, for those liberal principles which alone can make life "for the poorest" as well as the "greatest" in "worth living. In his view Cromwell's message to the dignitaries of the High Church of Scotland—"Gentlemen, I beseech ye in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that ye might be wrong"—should be "carved in bright gold on the top of the Monument, beamed from telstar and set to music by the irresistible archangels".

Taken in large bites this brilliant but exasperating book is indigestible but it is well worth cultivating a taste for it by sampling it in small mouthfuls. This process has been made easier and happier by Macmillan's skilful presentation of the text on a page of unusual proportions—handsomely decorated, with motifs based on early manuscripts and paintings, by Rosalind Dease.

PETER VANSITTART: *Green Knights, Black Angels*. Illustrated by Rosalind Dease. Macmillan, 36s.

Fighting fit

THE arresting jacket of *Arms and Armour*, taken from a fifteenth-century illustration of a siege, is repeated on the cover, demonstrating the publishers' commendable concern with other buyers besides libraries. The many drawings and photographs have been increased, and the bibliography brought up to date. As before, the pages are well set out for easy reference, and the history of armour, weapons and fighting-methods is illustrated by parallels from literary sources such as the Bible, Homer and Arthurian legend, supported by archaeological and heraldic evidence. Famous foreign armours and weapon-makers are touched on and the reasons given for the superseding of older armour and weapons. After the good glossary and index there is a list of places in Britain where examples can be seen.

FREDERICK WILKINSON: *Arms and Armour*. (Junior Reference Books.) Second Edition. D. 13s 2d.

THE HEROIC MOULD

AT PRESENT, there can be few more satisfying books for their price than the Caravel series, of which *Chateaugay* is another beautiful example. The text gives a straightforward account of the Emperor's life and his achievements as ruler of so many unrelated and scattered peoples. Though his innovations disappeared under the menace of Viking invasion in the reign of his weaker successors, his methods of ensuring fair local administration by his *missi dominici* and improved communications, and his patronage of arts, learning and the Church, are shown to have pointed the way for the great medieval developments in these spheres. Later generations demonstrated their awareness of this by developing the myth of Charlemagne as the ideal fatherly king and statesman. Text and illustration here, however, make it clear that the savagery of eighth-century warfare left little to choose between the Christian emperor and the pagans he conquered and transported from their homes so relentlessly, taking savage revenge which he repented in a mellowed old age, under the influence of the saintly Alcuin and others. The crude vigour of early medieval life is reflected in the illustrations, for which the compilers have gone to great trouble to find little-known examples ranging from near-contemporary to fourteenth-century. The captions interpret admirably the significance of their evidence of contemporary customs and usage. There are interesting artistic surprises, the mature modern style of the ninth-century Utrecht Psalter contrasting with the crudity of the much later *Chronique de Morde*, whose vivid colours are nevertheless a pleasing part of the illustrations' great variety.

John Barbour's Scottish national epic *The Bruce*, written only fifty years after the death of his hero, has been "freely adapted" by Tom Scott. The result is an interesting hybrid rather than a modernisation. Much is retained of greater interest to the fourteenth-century: the comparisons with the Troy stories of Dares and Dictys, or the garrulous author's Dickensian moralizations on events, and his voluble diatribes against traitors and the perfidious English kings. This is in fact a selection, within which the original is fairly closely followed. This undoubtedly preserves an attractive antiquarian flavour, though it may narrow the book's audience among the over-ten group suggested for it by the publishers: moreover, much of the story remains a series of confusingly similar guerrilla skirmishes. Still, lovers of romance and legend will fall under its poetic spell of heroism and battle. The main characters stand out, the Bruce, the Douglas, the villainous John of Lorne and the cautious Aymer de Valence; and occasional nonentities emerge from the shadows, such as the peasant Bunnoch with his Ulyssean-like plan for capturing Lindisfarne Castle.

The translator has incorporated dates and glosses of fourteenth-century terms, and useful historical commentary. Since the style preserves so much of the noble rhythms of the period, however, these modern additions stand out painfully, with their colloquial "doesn't" and "isn't". The illustrations and heraldic designs are attractive but the small print, although in clear modern type, is trying and unattractive to young eyes.

In spite of its limiting title, Grant Uden's *Drake at Cadiz* is in reality a restrained, careful and well-documented account of the character of another great hero who became a legend. Using the Cadiz expedition as a peg, the author outlines Drake's career, bringing out those qualities unusual for his time, such as humanity to slaves, and being able to subordinate petty rivalries to more important issues, which made him a

great man. Much is in Drake's own words or those used about him by contemporaries. An excellent appendix deals with Elizabethan ships, seamen and naval administration, and the contemporary inventory of the San Felipe's treasure is accompanied by a good glossary. It comes as a surprise in such a scholarly study to find no index or bibliography.

Moving on to the eighteenth century, Cook's principal voyage, in the *Endeavour*, is the subject of an excellent study for older readers by Frank Knight, one of the best historical biographers for children at present. Helped by his knowledge and love of the sea, he presents careful research, quietly correcting more romantic interpretations of fact, in an admirable narrative style, direct and absorbing. He gives just sufficient of Cook's early life for the understanding of his character before describing at length his unique achievements as chartmaker and as captain, caring for the welfare and diet of his men and the promotion of deserving officers. There are useful chapters on Pacific exploration and navigational problems of the time. Much of the book presents Cook's journal of the voyage, with notes by the author and from contemporary sources, is valuable to account young readers with first-hand material, even though this is harder to follow than Captain Knight's own narrative. The illustrations include drawings made by members of the expedition. The full glossary provides an introduction to eighteenth-century navigational terms.

RICHARD WINSTON: *Chateaugay*. Illustrated. (Caravel Books.) Cassell, 25s.

TOM SCOTT: *Tales of King Robert the Bruce*. Illustrated by Ewart Oakeshott. Puffin Press, 18s.

GRANT UDEN: *Drake at Cadiz*. Illustrated by William Randell. Macdonald, 13s.

FRANK KNIGHT: *Captain Cook and the Voyage of the Endeavour 1768-1771*. Illustrated. Nelson, 12s 6d.

Recent books for older children

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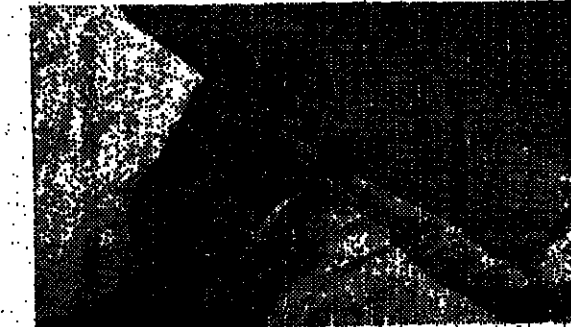
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A collection of naughty stories, culled from the whole field of the escapades and derring-do of naughty children. The book includes much unfamiliar material as well as some old favourites, a generous selection of verses celebrating the theme of "badness" in the lightest possible way, and irrepressible line drawings by Fritz Wegner. September 26s

HAMISH HAMILTON

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LIVING IT UP AND DOWN

MIDDLE-CLASS cosiness is out; or rather, is no longer obligatory. The reverse is, if anything: back streets, broken homes, inadequate parents, illegitimacy, as for the once cosy echelons of relatives, grandmothers, now most likely the baby farmer, uncle, mum's fancy man. This is healthy enough provided the misery does not become as exclusive as the overprotection used to be. No child need feel shut out by literature, each can read about himself (or even if he comes from the strata scrounging sixpence for a supper of chips and vinegar).

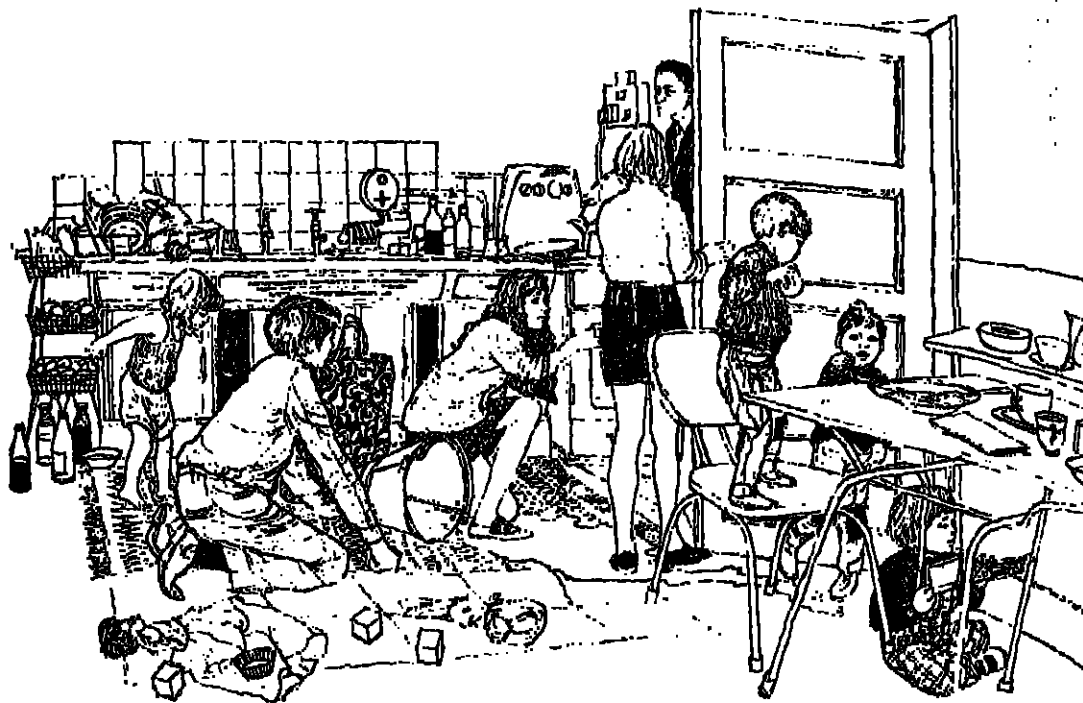
Such subjects, however, such settings, produce their own stereotypes and cosiness; a hankering, say, for doorstep gossiping and corner shops as opposed to plasticised living in new tower blocks. If one uses an emotive word like "plasticized" that is because the writers, themselves tend to use emotive words. Janet McNeill in *Goodbye, Dove Square*, a sequel for older children to *The Battle of St. George Without*, calls the development to which Matt, Madge and company have moved "The Happy Land".

The very name points an attitude. Patronizing you could call it. You could also say this: that of course old buildings have more character, and if you can afford to modernize, install heating and domestic help, how lovely for you. If you cannot, if you are crammed into beautifully proportioned rooms with damp running down the walls and a cold tap on the landing, then the prospect of modern plastic living would be, right-

ly, delightful, and infinitely more humanizing. And is Mrs. McNeill really saying, as sometimes appears, that new estates should be built without amenities, launderettes, youth clubs, cinemas, etc.?

But if she does write at times like an outsider looking in, she writes undeniably well. The plot here is less dramatic, less coincidental than in the earlier book, consequently better. There is exciting incident, but what matters more is growth, the emotional advances made by overbearing Madge and by fatherless Matt, staying on at school while his working friends flash their money about—neither sure of their status and function in a changed and still-changing social environment. Janet McNeill is most perceptive, most accomplished; nothing is overdone. Not only is she witty, funny, genuinely poetic, she knows exactly when and for how long to be these things. Even ambiguities are judged to a nicely—perhaps almost too much so—perhaps one would welcome just now and again some plain, glorious excess.

Sylvia Sherry has no such polish. Her prose, by comparison, is what is known as serviceable. It adds up, though, to a more interesting, lively book unique even, in its way. *A Pair of Jeans-Boots* describes—straight children in Liverpool, at the bottom of the social pile. Rocky in mid-winter has nothing for his feet but sandals—the Jesus-boots—with holes in them, and lives with his sluttish, cantankerous mother in two dirty, dreary rooms. (When Joey, Rocky's brother, comes out of jail,

From *Goodbye, Dove Square*

mum tidies the rooms and puts plastic flowers on the table, Janet McNeill would have implied, somehow, the awfulness of plastic flowers. Mrs. Sherry simply makes Rocky say "Hi, mum, that's smashing"—this expresses their differences exactly. Rocky leads a gang, his one aim in life to "do a big job", to be a real crook, like Joey. In the course of a convincing and exciting story he discovers that Joey is small-fry, frightened, not worth emulating; that it might be better to go straight.

This is not middle-class morality asserting itself, it is what makes sense in Rocky's terms. Generally the lack of moral reflections is remarkable here. Rocky's petty thieving; his attempts to fiddle change, are shown without comment, not good necessarily, just the way his world works. Mrs. Sherry shows, to balance it, but without over insistence, Rocky's own local, decided decency, in particular his kindness to his pathetic, neglected step-sister Susie. Her book is an inside book. Will insiders read it? It would be interesting to know.

Catherine Storr's *Rufus* is yet another deprived child, rather more self-consciously shown. Both his parents are dead, he lives in a Home with his sister Rachel, his only prop,

who with relief, if not quite without conscience, lets herself be adopted, leaving Rufus and bullying, mal-adjusted Micky and, as importantly, to his dream life in a prehistoric past; in which, tough, rough though it is, he fits, has a place, above all has a real mother.

Reading Catherine Storr is like reading daylight. She writes with such clarity, such accurate analysis and understanding. Yes, you feel, reading about the Home, that is exactly how Rufus, how his fellows, would behave. The dream by comparison works less well, not because of the way it recreates the past, this is tangibly, sensitively done, but because of its function psychologically. The dream of Marianne in Mrs. Storr's earlier book, which has a similar function, shows also the real, abrupt, illogical terrors of the subconscious mind. It is true that Rufus's needs are simpler, more basic than Marianne's, therefore his dream might easily be more straightforward, too. Equally, for all one knows, such a dream might originate respectfully in psychoanalytic theory. Yet when judged, as it must be, in literary terms, you sense a discrepancy. You are not convinced that the subconscious would demonstrate such historical accuracy. You feel the author may be mixing two quite separate kinds

of fantasy, both of which have their own, quite separate rules.

With Jennifer Wayne, though her Ollie, too, is fatherless, we mean to a cosier world: middle-class; farcical; the force pushed amid a pleasing gallery of comic characters to its logical conclusion. Felix keeps, talks ducks, Toby cooks Roo, aged five, is a *deus ex machina* in the traditions of the awful child. As for Ollie herself, her new neighbour, the reluctant daughter of a theatrical family, all she wants is to live in the country, keep a dog and remain unwashed. This, being strange-minded, she has achieved, and now, subsequently, brings a long-lost millionaire to the rescue of impoverished local gentry. Mrs. Wayne always skilful. As farce, sometimes a little more, this works beautifully. If one does not quite believe in the outspoken Ollie, does it matter? Perhaps—but not excessively.

JANET MCNEILL: *Goodbye, Dove Square*. Illustrated by Mary Rogers. Faber and Faber, 21s.
SYLVIA SHERRY: *A Pair of Jeans-Boots*. Cape, 18s.
CATHERINE STORR: *Rufus*. Illustrated by Peggy Fortnum. Faber and Faber, 20s.
JENNIFER WAYNE: *Ollie*. Heinemann, 20s.

FARAWAY PLACES

Lots of children are suspicious of books set in faraway places: they have a feeling they may be offered a geography lesson in disguise. The carefully planted local colour and the strange-sounding names are more likely to repel than entice. Australia and New Zealand fortunately don't really suffer from the disadvantages of not being England. After all, the children usually have names like Bob and Mark, Jonathan, Janet and Sheila. They play cricket and have cornflakes and bacon and eggs for breakfast. With so much that is the same, readers can relax and enjoy the differences.

Australia must be the most often encountered of all overseas settings, but the landscape varies so much, from the lush bush of Tasmania through the city streets of Melbourne and Sydney to the haggard outback, that there is little danger of boredom. Any reasonably well-read child is likely to have come across a number of Australian writers: H. F. Brinsmead, Nan Chauncy, Park Park, M. E. Patchett, Ivan Southall, Patricia Wrightson—the list is a distinguished one. The writers of the present batch are less familiar, though Reginald Orlitz's *Yamboobah* books are memorable. *The Bates Family* has a similar setting in the drought-ridden outback. At Yamboobah there was a lonely boy. In the new book the loneliness is contrasted with the warmth of life in a large family.

There are eight children in the Bates family and although the story is really that of the seventeen-year-

old twins, Albie and Linda, and some of the other children are hardly differentiated, it is the family that counts. The Bateses are drovers, spending their nights under canvas and their days with the cattle, often moving them for hundreds of miles. Horses are an essential part of their lives. The jacket, with its attractive picture of two blonde youngsters on horseback, might mislead some devotees of the Pony Club but the first sentence will show them that these are horses in a different country. The book starts with the death of one horse and ends with the deaths of a whole herd of brumbies. It is a harsh world where children are spared little. "It's a fight, all along the line. If it ain't drought, fire or flood, it's pests."

These Australians are the most alien of any in these books. They certainly don't play cricket; and they eat fried bully beef and damper rather than cornflakes. Even some of their names are strange, such as Bub and Snow. Their language is occasionally unintelligible ("I reckon the track will be crook. Some of them billabongs'll be runnin' a banker") and at all times off-puttingly full of dropped letters, but it will be a pity if children are put off. It's a moving and convincing story of the interdependence of the members of a family. Children who grumble about making their beds or clearing the table may be shaken into an awareness of what helping can mean.

Celia Syred, author of *Cook's Castle*, has gone back in the 1840s for her new story. *The Baker's*

children of an English emigrant baker, Jape Cotgrove, it makes an attractive title but it gives the reader far too large a cast list, even though the story is mainly that of Charlotte or Charley, as she is called. She is fifteen when it begins in a crowded Essex fishing village, and eighteen at the end when she has met the man she will marry and is off to study at a Sydney training college. "Charlotte felt once more the aloneness of her life," Mrs. Syred writes at the end, and the whole story is rather unconvincingly a chronicle rather than a shaped novel.

They Drowned a Valley also has a large cast and moves slowly, but for the first dozen chapters, Margaret Paico writes of the inhabitants of the doomed valley—all the people whose lives are to be affected by the new reservoir. She makes the mistake of not concentrating on any one interest sufficiently on any one character until the last five chapters when it finally becomes the story of Downey's story and the whole book comes to life with a nice balance of character and plot. The boy is poised to leave the valley to go to the new reservoir. She makes the mistake of not concentrating on any one interest sufficiently on any one character until the last five chapters when it finally becomes the story of Downey's story and the whole book comes to life with a nice balance of character and plot.

Bob Howard, the hero of *Over the Bridge*, by Deirdre Hill, is eleven. Mike Downey, who also has to

take a short and, but here the likeness ends. For Bob is a town boy, his passion in life is trains and above all Train Number 273. When the suspension bridge is to be closed and the trains replaced by buses, Mark's idea is to buy 273. The bulk of the book, like that of many books before it, is concerned with Bob's efforts to raise money for the purchase. It's an undemanding story, likeable enough, its ordinary and unremarkable as its suburban sub-English setting.

Joan Phipson's new book, *Peter and Bitch*, is far more ambitious but not entirely successful. It is a long odd read—a study in depth of a fourteen-year-old boy who longs to be tough. Peter Watson is unhappy because that he looks angelic. His main desire in life is to be called Bitch and to have done with everything that could possibly be called youth. His admiration for a bunch of youths who are up to no good gets Peter involved with the police and eventually into membership of the Police Boys' Club. But there is still a way to go before Peter finally earns that it is not acting tough that is the mark of the real man.

There is no getting away from the fact that this is a moral tract; it is almost as improving a tale as one by Mrs. Sherwood. Alan Garner once said: "Didactic writing is unwelcome writing." Joan Phipson has worked and worked on this, but some final delivery is missing.

Peter's redemption comes when he can value success in a chivalric competition as greatly as success on the playing field, when he forgets to worry about when image he is having to the world and when he can tolerate being addressed as "Curly". It seems rather a pity that in the final pages,

when he is confronted with his old enemies, the youths he shopped, it is force that wins. Peter is now cleverer and stronger than they. Fighting is apparently all right if it is done in the self-defence, but one can't help wondering what would have happened if Peter had not been good at boxing. Instead of going on happily to mend a spouting water tap for his grateful mother, he would have needed an ambulance. It's as if Joan Phipson suddenly changes her mind. "I've

From *Baker's Dozen*

told you", she seems to say, "that music and bird-watching are fine manly pursuits, that real strength is in self-control, that there's nothing cissy about helping to dry the dishes—but I'm afraid in the end you won't get anywhere unless you can use your fists."

The last book is not Australian. *The Gold Dog* is a spaniel pup bought with gold patiently panned by Jonathan Grey, twelve hundred

SINISTER EVENTS

DETECTIVE stories have always been accepted leisure reading for adults, green-jacketed Penguins a normal part of a don's holiday luggage. The trouble with children's thrillers is that so few are of the quality of a Michael Innes or a Patricia Highsmith. Too many of their writers seem to think that an exciting plot allows them to dispense with most other things so that both child heroes and outwitted smugglers/crooks/foreign agents are lay figures. All the more welcome, then, is Madeleine Pollard's *Stranger in the Hills*.

This is a most attractive book in form as well as content. (The cheapest of these four books, it is by far the most lavishly produced.) The plot is marvelously worked out and the two families involved, one holidaying with the other in a house on the Clyde, are most convincingly drawn. The parents are not, as usually happens, "indeed in the other three books in the batch—conveniently out of the way. The two worlds intersect—the ordinary one where the children are expected to put on clean white socks before going out, and the alarming world of the hills where a man is in hiding.

The reader is carried happily on a spree of an initial difficulty in the suspension of disbelief. How would the four children be deceived even for one moment into thinking that the Stranger they meet in the hills is really the Russian whose defection from his ship has been reported in the papers? Of course they want to believe it, but it is still pretty unlikely that after only a few sightings of doubt they should throw themselves so completely into the task of leading and protecting him from his pursuers, accepting that their parents and the police must not be drawn in.

The story does raise a lot of questions. It seems to be set in the present, yet someone who was a commanding officer in the Black Watch for five war years appears to be not at all elderly—in the Ambrose drawings hardly out of his thirties. And surely the Stranger would not have allowed the children to become so involved that saving him was "no longer an adventure but a desperate need"? After the intense excitement of the narrative—the feeling that the children really are up against something grown too big for them—the denouement is rather a let-down. Mrs. Pollard is fair, except perhaps for the "cold threat of guns", but even so it is disappointing. Yet that is the life, of course, and it adds to

the feeling of authenticity the book undoubtedly has.

Mrs. Pollard tends to overwrite at times ("her funnel an aching scarlet") and she does seem to have overestimated the age of her readers. It is surely a great mistake to call the eight and ten-year-old Sandy and Fergus "small boys" and have them often left out of the action, sent off to bed early and so on, when this is certainly a book ten-year-old boys would enjoy. But let no one's hackles rise because "Daddy is a Colonel" and it's Tommie au Raisin rather than Cheddar that the children feed the Stranger on. Let no one even object too strongly at the persistent misuse of "disinterested". This really is a splendid story, right out of the run of children's holiday adventures and an interesting departure for a writer known for his historical novels.

Ray Pope used a similar starting point—the defection of a Russian from a trawler off the Scottish coast—in a very different way, in an earlier book, *Salvage from Strava*. Mr. Pope is chiefly interested in boats not people. In *Nur Case*, he gave close glimpses of the techniques of canal navigation; in the new book it is off-shore sailing. A girl and boy are alone on board a yacht, waiting for the girl's parents to return, when it is hijacked by two escaped convicts who seem to think it will be easier than driving a car. What actually happens rings true but the children, particularly the girl, are shadowy and the convicts stock characters (one a thorough villain who drowns at the end, the other with a heart of gold). For sailing addicts only.

The Mystery of the Cove is a first children's book by an experienced Swedish thriller writer, Folke Mellvig. It was commissioned by Swedish television and was recently shown in the "Tales from Europe" series here. Having seen those likeable blonde children and the authentic background, it is difficult to tell how much the book could convey on its own. But it seems to be a pretty conventional affair. Four cousins have been left in the charge of Jenny, a girl who, like the children themselves, is taken in by the charms of one Harry who turns out to be up to no good. The cousins are "aching to find out what the whole thing is all about". Readers will be too. There is some excellent suspense. What do they add up to—these codes in hymn numbers, the spy radios and micro-films, the

miles away in New Zealand. We are finished with snakes and early Hol-dens, those inevitable properties of the Australian novel, and we are back to sheer entertainment. The scene is Marston, a small town in Oranga which once knew the excitement of a gold rush but is now asleep—until, that is, the children decide to try prospecting themselves and set off to explore Nugget Creek and Dry Bread Gorge. It is Miss de Roo's first book. The plot creeps a little and the writing is uneven but one gets a real sense of a close-knit isolated community.

REGINALD ORLITZ: *The Bates Family*. Collins, 16s.

CELIA SYRED: *Baker's Dozen*. Illustrated by Liza Lacks Dick. Angus and Robertson, 20s.

MAKARET PATE: *They Drowned a Valley*. Illustrated by the Author. Collins, 18s.

DEIRDRE HILL: *Over the Bridge*. Illustrated by James Hunt. Hutchinson, 16s.

JOAN PHIPSON: *Peter and Bitch*. Longmans Young Books, 18s.

ALAN GARNER: *The Gold Dog*. Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.

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ELLENOR H. PORTER: *Pollyanna*. Puffin Books, 4s.

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July 1989

Comic cuts

ONE of the nicest things about small children is their readiness to see the funny side of things. This is disarming because in truth life for them is such a horribly serious business, mastering this and conquering that—one day the spoon, then the buckle, then the shoe—then the buckle, then the shoe—an endless progression of Herculean tasks. And so, when, poor things, they fall about, choked with giggles, at the feeblest joke, it is in response to an urgent psychological need to relax.

It is surprising how few writers and artists aim to create this kind of diversion. It is as though they still heard, ringing in their ears, that disapproving voice saying "Now children, we mustn't get overexcited". And yet most of the trouble children get themselves into is as a result of attempting tasks that are still too difficult, and springs from a well-meaning desire to help: such fallen angels love to read of the defeats of others in battles they readily recognize as their own. *Oh! Poor Amelia June!*, written two generations ago by Kathleen Ansie and still instantly sympathetic, records Amelia June's fatally confident efforts to do good—collecting eggs, she trips and falls into the egg-basket; collecting apples for cook, she gets hung up on a branch; feeding the ducks, she falls into the stream. *Oh! Poor Amelia June!* Bister Brown, whose awful misdeeds are guaranteed still to distract the most fractious invalid, is, according to his creator, R. F. Outcault, "not a bad or naughty boy... He is an industrious person, full of energy and ingenuity". Hard to think of a writer today capable of producing such an evil genius; harder still to imagine him blandly white-washing his wickedness. None of the books mentioned below concerns a real infant terrible, but there are several

distinctly funny adventures, whose comedy mostly springs from some kind of physical inadequacy.

The Three Little Mermaids, by Denise and Alain Tréz, easily leads the field. Cora, Flora and Bella sing so badly that the rude oysters and clams laugh out loud, and "the fish were shocked and swam away". One night they sing so loud the passengers in an ocean liner above hear them screaming and think the ship's emergency alarm has gone off. The ship is abandoned, crashes into a rock, and the mermaids, peeping through a porthole, discover a little girl left behind, fast asleep in bed. How they rescue and look after her is most charmingly told, in very few words and with the gayest pictures—nearly all in plain white and sea-green: the crab clothes pegs provide only one of many witty visual jokes.

Little Spook is a disappointment to his father and mother: he shows no aptitude for haunting. Father makes plans, as fathers will: "Won't it be nice when the baby grows up and can go haunting instead of me?" said Father Spook. "I haven't had a night off for 300 years!" But, alas, Little Spook is a scaredy-spook, hopeless at groaning, useless at chain-rattling, and "not even a ghost can grind his teeth when he has gaps in the front". Little Spook's troubles are ended when the royal chambermaid (the Spooks live in a castle) takes pity on him, and introduces him to a prince-ling. Again, delightful pictures, this time a skilful blend of line drawing and collage, which is never allowed to become cluttered or messy.

Next, two entertaining books by George Craig, with large, clear print and single-colour pictures in green and yellow or red published by Robert J. Tyndall. *Minor Monster* and the *Calathumpians* look at a Loch Ness

type monster from an entirely new angle: that is to say, from the bottom of the lake and is both ingenious and funny. *The Giant Gloop* is horrendous.

Not only was he huge, he was also lazy, and mean, and a bully. Not only was he a huge, lazy, mean bully, but his eyes were very close together.

When he moves to the village of Here and squats above it like a wicked spider, demanding wagons full of food, the villagers tremble.

It took them hours to fill the wagons, but it took only minutes for the giant to empty them. What a discouraging time it was for the villagers. What a gorging time it was for Gloop.

Luckily, the Mayor of Here is a man of unusual presence, and his scheme to rid Here of Gloop provides Mr. Craig with a perfect visual ending to his story.

Potatoes, *Potatoes* is another unusual book beautifully executed by its author/artist. More elaborate than those mentioned earlier, it is so skilfully told that it holds the attention. An old woman lives peacefully with her two sons, growing potatoes. To the east and to the west, two armies march, and make war. When the sons grow up, they are lured by the drums and bright uniforms into the rival armies. Both become successful generals, but in fighting their battles they destroy their armies and their country. At last, there are only their mother's potatoes left to eat, and it is she who brings them back to peace and reason. For the feat of compressing *Mutter Courage* and *Oh! What a Lovely War* into thirty pages Anita Lobel should surely win a major prize.

From war to flowers, Mark Taylor tells a sympathetic story about two Japanese children living in California who stow away in a flower box to sell his flowers, so that they can sell their flowers to make money for Grandfather's new spec-

tales. They are lost and found, scolded and forgiven. Decorative pictures in dahlia colours.

No naughtiness in the four that follow, but no moralizing either: only big, bold pictures and gentle words. *Isabella, the Fishing Boat* is remarkable for an unusually happy marriage between a talented artist and the storyteller. A little fishing-boat is tied up in harbour; she cannot go out fishing because her owner is too poor to buy an outboard motor. One day a fierce wind breaks her rope, and she is swept out to sea. Isabella is battered and tired when the storm passes, but she gives shelter to a bedraggled stork. In gratitude, the stork fills the boat with fish, and a passing steamer tows her back to Lisbon, where her owner claims her. For once, "artistic" pictures reveal qualities of sea and sky that a child can ponder, and the book is small enough to be handled with confidence by three-year-olds.

The Little Boy and the Big Fish uses bigger pictures to tell a smaller tale, but the text is commendably brief and the great blue fish, a gorgeous monster with red tail and fins, is happily displayed on every page: the boy catches him, refuses to sell him, keeps him in the bath, takes him to the doctor and at last returns him to the lake. Very soporific.

The Magic Fish, for less sleepy people, tells of a golden fish who jumps right out of his picture, into a little fountain; calling the goldfish in the fountain to follow, he wriggles through the bottom of the fountain, down the drains to the sea. Among the rock and coral they find adventure, and are twice saved from death by the magic fish. An unusually good underwater fairy story, which should please the three to sevens, with shimmering, flowing pictures that cunningly suggest a fishy view of things.

Last, a more ordinary story about a roundabout horse, Raffan, who becomes a rocking horse for a little boy. No false sentiment, and bright pictures that successfully convey fairground excitement.

DENISE AND ALAIN TRÉZ: *The Three Little Mermaids*. Faber and Faber. 15s.

INRA AND LANSÉ SANDBERG: *Little Spook*. Translated from the Swedish by Kersti French. Methuen, 13s. 6d.

GEORGE CRAIG: *Minor Monster* and the *Calathumpians*. The Giant Gloop. Robert J. Tyndall. 15s. each.

ANITA LOBEL: *Potatoes, Potatoes*. World's Work. 21s.

MARK TAYLOR: *A Time for Flowers*.

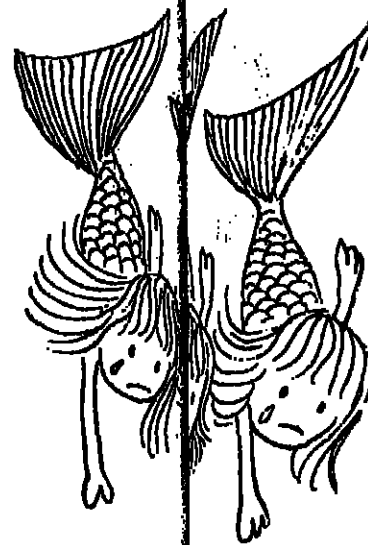
Illustrated by Graham Booth. Chatto, Boyd and Oliver. 16s.

LORE LEHR: *Isabella, the Fishing Boat*. Illustrated by Ursula Kirchberg. Blackie. 15s.

MAX VILLIARD: *The Little Boy and the Big Fish*. Abelard-Schuman. 21s.

MARIA FRANCESCA CASALARDI: *The Magic Fish*. Illustrated by Stepan Zavrel. Macdonald. 18s. 6d.

SHULA AND CHARLES FRONT: *Raffan* and *Jeremy*. Bodley Head. 18s.



From *Isabella*

Childrenrywhere

THE PROBLEM of picture books is to rescue her husband out the pictures and the illustrations, despite some loss the incentive to read for herself. Hands that have reached for the bright, alluring jacket of grey pages over and over on, just except in one or two in-ld, on the other hand, and day-ther accusingly round the boy either wrong from the start or else what happens? The angel you had fondly hoped sea in a very different mood were reading to sleep keep-ld *Fisherman*. The author, up again full of bright ac- Taylor, has revamped the mands to see the pictures. You can talk-song of the bold fish- win. The only answer is to m- and his boat the Mary Jane d-ld out "to slay the wild cod-ld bold mackerel" in a storm-ld, alas, never seen again. The-ld are energetic in a slapdash-ld in spite of much humorous-ld ground information and a happy-ld the original version, as printed-ld endpapers, still has ten times-ld means to be despised.

But for early and even more backward readers, pictures are valuable and while works of art remain as rare and precious as always, the general standard of the means to be despised.

Tikki Tikki Tembo, a Chinese tale endearingly retold by Mosel and illustrated by Blair Lent, is one of the very good. The with its rhymes and repetition, the fact ideal for reading aloud, would not be too difficult for seven-year-olds to manage, or very nearly—and the end are lovely.

Greyling is another book in the same series, from the Bodley Head. This tells the sad, beautiful story of the fisherman's wife of Shetland yearned for a child and reached for the sea only to lose him in the end to his native element.

Social historians, trying to construct a patchwork picture of life in any chosen historical period, pin their faith on the work of contemporary artists. No amount of descriptive writing can bring back a moment of time so vividly as a drawing, and there are no language barriers in the way of understanding. Of course photography has changed all that: the amount of microfilmed material available to historians in the future, to say nothing of books, newspapers and the rest, is exhausting even to think about; how difficult it will be in the centuries ahead to avoid boring even the most earnest student of the past.

Perhaps one idle fellow will think of leafing through old children's books, or perhaps, next time some pessimist is burying a penny and a copy of *The Times* deep down in the bomb-proof foundations of a prospective skyscraper, a picture-book could be slipped into the next. Thinking what to choose is an amusing but impossible game. *Tim*, in shorts and jersey, typical of all that is best in the British boy: Madeleine, pet Parisienne, embodiment of Anglo-French concord; *The Cat in the Hat*, prototype special-relationship figure: Noddy... *The Wild Things*...

Yesterday's heroes are open to as much confusion: think of Alice, seen in splendid isolation. Peter Rabbit, useful but parochial. Amelia Anne, better. Babur... superb. Surely anyone brought up on the Babur books can instantly recall the pictures; Babur's breathless arrival in the pro-

vincial town, his first meeting with the old lady, every detail of his splendid shopping spree. Proust can write his volumes, but Jean de Brunhoff's single picture of Babur, Arthur and Celeste guzzling *chairs chez le pâtissier* is worth as much. What a satisfying hero Babur is: he is not specially clever, or good, but his common sense is equal to any situation. Whether he is arranging his wedding, saving Alexander from a crocodile or looking for Father Christmas, he always behaves in exactly the way he should: model patriarch, husband, father.

In recent years, Laurent de Brunhoff has taken over as Babur's historian. Critics have said that the son's drawings are not as skilful as those of his father, and the line has sometimes been a bit shaky, but the two latest volumes, *Babur's Fair* and *Babur goes to America*, are hard to fault on this score. More significant, although *Babur's Fair* comes from Methuen, *Babur goes to America* is presented by Collins in a new, lavish production with thick pages: before long the thought occurs that, under pressure of modern life, the Monarch has acquired a Public Relations Officer.

Babur has become a world figure: gone are the days when if he lost his crown he lost his identity: everyone knows who he is, but now he is so hemmed in by protocol he never gets a chance to think for himself. He visits the United States at the invitation of the President, and once the official part of the trip is over he and

his family go sightseeing as freely as any other statesmen off duty: everyone makes sure he has a wonderful time. M. de Brunhoff gives us a vivid pictorial tour of the States, from the Smithsonian Institute to Dallas, from the Rocky Mountains to Disneyland: it is all splendid social history, but somewhere the identity of that little elephant, orphan of the jungle, has got lost.

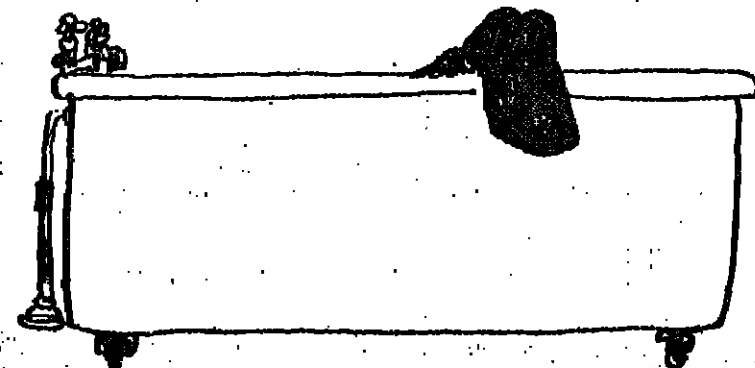
The same is true of *Babur's Fair*. In honour of Celesteville a great Fair is held, with ingenious pavilions designed to suit the needs of the different animals (the kangaroo pavilion is specially apt), and an underwater excursion tackled rather like a landing on the moon. Alexander, as once so long ago, is again in danger of drowning, but he is competently rescued by the little green duck while the King and Queen take tea with visiting bigwigs. How fascinating it all is, and King Babur is rightly proud of his achievements, but sometimes, perhaps, he sheds a tear for the innocence of his lost youth.

Another engaging creature who is fast becoming an institution is Lyle, Bernard Weber's crocodile. *Welcome, Lyle*, the third book of his adventures, to be published here, takes us back in time to explain Lyle's arrival in the Primms household. Revealingly, he is discovered in the bath, after ominous sounds of Swish, Swash, Splash, Swoosh, heard from below, have puzzled the Primms for several pages. Hector P. Valenti, star of stage and screen, explains all in a note thrust through the front door, and the Primms are safely saddled with their egregious burden. Lyle's claim to immortality lies in his mastery of mood; his range of ex-

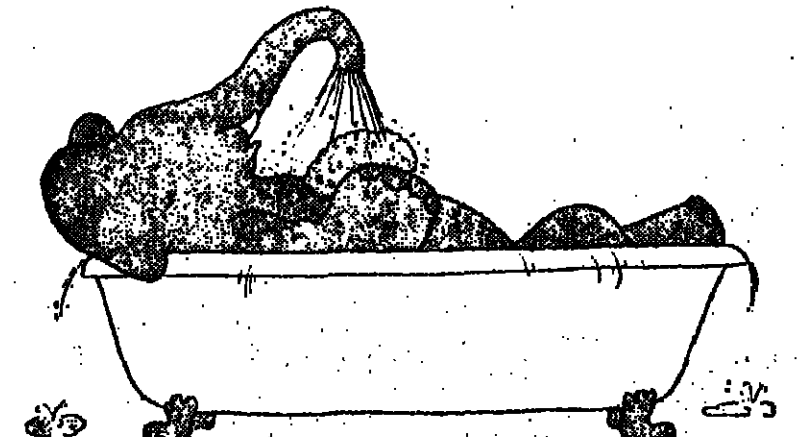
pression, from rapturous happiness to deepest gloom, is a joy to behold. He pouts, he sulks, he shows off, he beams with happiness: the Primms and Simon Valenti are ideal foils for his. By of temperament. As in the Babur books, the domestic details are sketched in with a sure hand. Mr. Weber is to be congratulated on keeping his text so short; every word counts, but it is the pictures that tell the story.

It will be interesting to see if a newcomer to this select genre is strong enough to sustain further adventures. *Inch and Inchin*, first published in Norway and now translated by Elisabeth Boas for Ernest Benn, is about an elephant and a little boy who live at No. 14 Flower Road, Inchin, the elephant, is the main character; we learn what he wants for his birthday, and we see him at school with the other animals; Jacob looks after him, wraps up his presents, supervises his ablutions, picks his school lunch. The book is ingeniously constructed so that the reader joins in the fun: there are questions to answer, and actions to take: "Would you like to watch television? All right, you can turn it on. Hold the opposite page up to the light. What does it say?" An original book.

JEAN DE BRUNHOFF: *Babur's Fair*. Translated from the French by Olivia Jones. Methuen. 15s.
LAURENT DE BRUNHOFF: *Babur Goes to America*. Translated from the French by M. Jean Craig. Collins. 21s.
BERNARD WEBER: *Welcome, Lyle*. Chatto, Boyd and Oliver. 18s.
JORMAN CLIVIN: *Inch and Inchin*. Translated from the Danish by Elisabeth Boas. Ernest Benn. 10s.



From *Welcome, Lyle*



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Children's literature: a plea for parity

By Mary F. Thwaite

Who wants a National Centre for Children's Literature? Nearly everybody by now, surely, after so much has been heard about the proposal. But some of you look a little doubtful. Already there are so many organizations, departments, interested bodies and devoted individuals doing useful and essential work in the field of writing, publishing, selling, promoting, circulating, reviewing and studying books for young people that it may be feared that one more institution will only obscure the situation and make for unproductive propagation of paper. The brilliant prospect of early morning is darkening. We do not need such a centre if it will merely multiply office work, and draw on resources which might be utilized to extend worthwhile existing activities. We do not want (the murmur grows louder) more expertise, more theory-spinning, more administration. We want to benefit, in a practical way, everyone and everything connected with children's books and their improvement, not forgetting the young consumers, so much at our mercy. So it is well to look very hard at this new object glittering on the horizon. Is it a structure firmly founded on earth, or merely a vision of cloud-land?

John Rowe Townsend has been chiefly responsible for reviving this proposal to establish a National Centre or Institute for Children's Literature, for its development, better co-ordination of resources, and study (*Growing Point*, Vol. 6, No. 6, December, 1967, and Vol. 7, No. 1, May, 1968). About four years ago the present writer put forward the suggestion in rather a different form, after experience in trying to get a satisfactory service from libraries for the study of children's books, both British and foreign. The failure of the system to give this service is no reflection on valuable help given by librarians and other individuals. But it was disheartening to discover at first hand how unimportant children's books are in the library services of the nation—as materials for study. There is in this field a lack of facilities available for every other department of knowledge. Interloaning, location, preservation, bibliographical information (all especially vital for the inquirer who cannot use the British Museum Library regularly, or spend time there to read everything he needs) work very well for most subjects—but not for children's books.

Whether any brave new Centre is set up or not, the first requirement for the literature read by children is for parity. Parity of treatment, study, and library services. Children's books must be recognized as more than ephemeral, if vitally necessary circulatory material. They are a part of the nation's literature, and as essential for serious study, from many aspects, as other printed matter. This need for parity can be looked at apart from the more grandiose scheme for a National Centre, although it points towards this. A little financial outlay, coupled with much good will and effort, could effect a transformation if children's literature was regarded as equal in importance to other printed material. Books for children would then be admitted into the coordinated network of library and bibliographical services available throughout the country.

Let those of us within the circle most concerned with books for youth not make our plans too loud, however. It is not the present unsatisfactory situation partly of our own making? It must be admitted that many of those who work among children's books or study them have not taken the subject seriously enough in the past. We have complacently allowed a lower standard to operate, especially in bibliography and criticism, than exists or is expected in the adult branches of literature. What has been done does not match the rising level of excellence in the writing, illustration, and production of children's books, nor their presentation and manipulation in the best public libraries and school libraries. This frightening tendency to be

best, especially in the "documentation" of the fine subject, can even invade our national libraries, where normally children's books are dealt with as carefully as other material. It peeped out at the Children's Book Exhibition at the British Museum held last winter. The exhibition itself was admirably set out, and deserved a fanfare on the White Rabbit's silver trumpet. Although it could only hint at the vast holdings of the Museum in the subject the display of just over 100 items, chosen to represent seven popular categories of books for children, over three and a half centuries, was alluring both for younger and older visitors. But the bibliographical information supplied did not reach the standard which would have been maintained for any other exhibition. The Catalogue, annotated with interesting details, bore no date, and was marred by minor errors. Children's books must no longer be allowed this relaxation of discipline, and must conform to the rigorous principles and precision essential for all other cataloguing and bibliography. Parity of treatment will not come without parity of standards. So without waiting for anything to be done by anyone else, let everyone concerned put his hand on his heart and vow to work for an improvement where they can.

But as in any other quest, whether for the valley of Tishnar, or the crack of gold, or more mundane things, the seekers need help and guidance. And our strivings towards parity could be greatly aided by this Centre of our imagining. John Rowe Townsend has raised various matters of importance as desirable functions it might undertake, including the promotion of better facilities for the reviewing and study of children's books, and Mrs. Peggy Heek's, former chairman of the Youth Libraries Group of the Library Association, has followed up his ideas with a series of practical and wise pronouncements on its duties. But one of Mr. Townsend's comments struck with the force of a cannon-bull. "People in one corner of the world of children's books simply do not know what is going on in other parts of it," he stated, after considering the replies of readers to his first *Growing Point* article.

This ignorance of what is being done (as well as of where particular books may be consulted or borrowed) is a serious handicap to everyone who works for children and their books. Naturally we all tend to look at this proposal to establish a National Centre for Children's Literature from our own particular angle. What a limited mist-blurred vision this must be. What is needed is light—and more light. Before pushing ahead with plans for a new "power-house" to serve the world of children's books, let the present complex situation be examined. Libraries and teachers, publishers and writers, critics and organizers—to say nothing of interested parents and many others—are all doing valuable work to serve young readers. How can this best be assisted, dovetailed, coordinated and developed? This is what must be found out.

Might it not be a good plan for an enlightened and not too prejudiced observer to be appointed and financed to make the survey and inquiry needed? A report might then be forthcoming, reconciling many different points of view, and assembling reliable information about what is already being done. Thus we may get a guide as to how best a National Centre might serve all concerned. After these words were penned it is learnt that a research post is to be established at the North West Polytechnic School of Librarianship for "a feasibility study" to be undertaken into the matter. This is a heart-warming sign of interest and very welcome, but a full inquiry may need to go forward at a higher level. The situation abroad, where several Institutes for Children's Books (for similar organizations) have been set up, would repay examination, for a brief glimpse already suggests that useful experience and valuable ideas would result from a fuller inquiry. Children's departments now func-

There is the "Children's Book Section" of the General and Bibliographical Division of the Library of Congress, Washington set up in 1963, under the direction of Virginia Haviland. Her excellent description of its work and resources, "Serving those who serve Children", can be read in the *Quarterly Journal of the Library of Congress* for October, 1965. In East Berlin, a *Kinder- und Jugendbibliothek* of the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek, with Dr. Heinz Weghaupt as head of the section, was founded in 1951. A short account in English about its activities appeared in the *Unesco Library Bulletin*, Vol. XXII, No. 6, November-December, 1968, where he points out that this is the first time in Germany that children's books have been methodically preserved and collected by a public or scholarly library.

National Institutes for Children's Books, founded as independent organizations have been established at The Hague (Bureau Boek en Jeugd, 1952), and at Stockholm (Svenska Barnboksintstitutet, officially inaugurated in October, 1967). The Bureau in the Netherlands functions as a section of the Dutch Library Association, and is in the charge of Miss A. J. Moerkereken van der Meulen. It acts as centre for documentation and information, and also takes the initiative in promoting interest in children's books, providing such services as reviews printed on cards for circulation and filing, book-lists, catalogue cards, and travelling exhibitions. A visit there a few years ago revealed the enlightening and chastening fact that here at The Hague was to be found more information filed about English writers for children than anywhere in their own country. The Swedish Institute for Children's Books, under Mary Örvig, who visited many institutions and interested persons in Europe and America before she embarked on her task, is a joint project of the City of Stockholm (Public Library Board), the Swedish Publishers' Association, the University of Stockholm, and the Swedish Society of Authors of Books for Children, being first formed in 1965. A useful article by Mrs. Örvig on the Institute and its aims, with some perceptive apprehension of future possibilities for research and investigation into children's books on the widest basis, can be found in *Scandinavian Public Library Quarterly*, Volume I, No. 2, 1968 (abridged in *Growing Point*, Volume 7, No. 4, October, 1968).

Among other foundations abroad concerned with the tasks facing any national centre for children's literature are some more widely oriented, serving children and children's books everywhere, not merely within a particular nation. There is the work of Unesco. There is an *International Kommission für das Jugendbuch* situated in Zurich. There are many research institutions con-

cerned with the subject. Most famous, perhaps, and the earliest to be established of the institutions mentioned here, is the International Youth Library at Munich, about which an article by its Director, Walter Schertl, appeared in the *Children's Books* section of the *Quarterly Journal of the Library of Congress* for October, 1968. It was founded in 1949 by Mrs. Lepman "to promote international understanding and education by the free exchange of the cultural heritage of the world among children and young people". Children's books from many countries can be seen there, and under Heir Schertl the reference library of books and information about children's books and their history in many nations has been steadily extended. The most recent development is the formation of a *Historische Kinderbuchgesellschaft*, an association for those principally interested in children's books of the past. A "Children's Books Historical Association" over here might be a good venture to aid and stimulate students of the subject who now often work in isolation.

For Britain it may ensue that a rather different type of National Centre is required, learning from but not imitating these examples abroad. More information about their successes and failures, their aims and activities, in the light of the native pattern of children's book provision, would certainly be useful. What already impresses an observer is the usefulness of these organizations as sources of information and this might well be the very core of the work of a centre for this country. The development of a children's Books Section in the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum may be part of the answer to the problem. As yet, however, there is no special staff for children's books, nor have any catalogues of children's books been prepared or published. The inquirer can only find what he wants by a search for particular items in the General Catalogue of Printed Books—a wonderful tool which has helped us all greatly since it was issued in photolithographic form a few years ago. Some cautious pronouncements about future possibilities at the Museum for improved service for children's books were made by Mr. J. A. B. Townsend, an Assistant Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, at the Public Libraries Conference at Brighton last September ("Services for children's literature" offered by the British Museum" in "A National Centre for Children's Literature: a Symposium"; *Proceedings of the Public Libraries Conference*, Brighton, 1968, the Library Association). In his talk Mr. Townsend gave those who attended the Youth Libraries Group session at the conference some valuable details of what the museum is doing (and not doing) in the field of children's books. The particular difficulties at present

facing the museum may present immediate progress towards such a service as that now being undertaken at the Library of Congress, or the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek. What a pity, for in spite of deficiencies, the British Museum probably has the finest and largest collection of children's books in the world. Yet supposing conditions were more favourable, can all the necessary work of a National Centre for Children's Books be undertaken at this great library? The bibliographical needs of the subject or certainly require a special department of a national repository. But the British Museum cannot do everything. Neither does it hold all the children's books of the past, nor many foreign children's books, past or present. There are other needs, too, as so many library needs to be considered. The promotion of the study of children's literature, its better teaching, improved critical standards, may require the resources and experience of a more widely based, independent organization than is possible within the walls of any national library.

While waiting for inquiries to be set on foot, and finance to be made available, there is no need to be idle. Voluntary effort has done much for children's books in the past, and it is still needed in a country hard pressed for public funds. And nevertheless, should happen in London, where the provinces not take the lead, and more picture books are now being produced in the attempt to keep the price of each individual recording, preservation and specialisation of children's books is the task of the future. Children's books are a treasure, and a task of the future. Children's books are a treasure, and a task of the future. Children's books are a treasure, and a task of the future.

It should never be forgotten that the young reader is paramount in this scheming. For a jolly good book whereof it is better to me than Gold. Especially is this so in children's literature. And if children's literature is to be formative and impressive of the future, surely this plea for parity will be realized. Nothing should be our quest to make it a force—and to found to the National Centre for Children's Books, and get the kind of institution which will really serve those who serve children.

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Business in Bologna

By Julia MacRae

Editor of *Children's Books*, Hamish Hamilton Ltd.

More visiting the Italian town of Bologna during the annual International Book Fair for children would soon be disbursed. The sub-prevalent idea that the selling of children's books is a more favourable, can all the necessary work of a National Centre for Children's Books be undertaken at this great library? The bibliographical needs of the subject or certainly require a special department of a national repository. But the British Museum cannot do everything. Neither does it hold all the children's books of the past, nor many foreign children's books, past or present. There are other needs, too, as so many library needs to be considered. The promotion of the study of children's literature, its better teaching, improved critical standards, may require the resources and experience of a more widely based, independent organization than is possible within the walls of any national library.

Over the world, the children's book business is booming. Standards of living, turnover are increasing. Techniques of production are becoming more sophisticated, and the children's book editor must now combine set on foot, and finance to be made available, there is no need to be idle. Voluntary effort has done much for children's books in the past, and it is still needed in a country hard pressed for public funds. And nevertheless, should happen in London, where the provinces not take the lead, and more picture books are now being produced in the attempt to keep the price of each individual recording, preservation and specialisation of children's books is the task of the future. Children's books are a treasure, and a task of the future. Children's books are a treasure, and a task of the future.

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POETS OF A FEATHIER

MACKAY (Compiler): *A Flock of Words*. Bodley Head, 35s.

His intelligent introduction to the anthology, the compiler explains that it began as a treasure-trove of verses cut out of papers dropped from books. As a teacher, he tried out the poems in the classroom; "the most successful" of these became the nucleus of this book. But, in the way of young boys, his pupils also liked to work out the craft in action. Their attempts to write in the style and manner of the "profession" (Mr. Mackay's) significant here "led to a closer look at poetry as a poet converts thoughts, feelings and events into the language of poetry." This and the rest of the book make very good sense, and are not too surprising to find so much that is fresh and inspiring in old and new works of his choice.

Mr. Mackay's work differs from those of other successful recent children's anthologies for the young, Cawley, Holbrook, who have also been able to range at will in the field of over-plucked, in-copying. For anthologies are as much revealing as they are selecting. He shares with them all the fashionable common ground of Blake, Hardy, Frost, Thomas, Dylan, Yeats, the traditional ballads. But Mr. Mackay has taken the masculine-angled bulldog of the poetry world, and through Cawley's eye is a fairly gentle lament for the world of "fierce" poetry. The eight to enter a world, who are never invited to enter a quite literally, deprived children.

ELIZABETH COOK: *The Ordinary*. The Faberians. An Introduction to Myths, Legends and Fairy Tales. Myths, Legends and Fairy Tales. Myths, Legends and Fairy Tales.

years saw attendance growing pains, but all those who went to Bologna came away enchanted by the atmosphere and by the opportunity to do business in a town which could legitimately boast among its many attractions some of the finest restaurants in the world. And so from small beginnings the Bologna Book Fair grew, until in this sixth year, under the genial and immensely energetic supervision of Dr. Guido Polacco, it clearly established itself as a major event in the calendar of any serious children's book publisher.

The 1969 Fair was held from April 16 to 23. It was scheduled to be held as usual in the ancient Palazzo del Podesta, but at the eleventh hour structural damage to the medieval Palazzo prevented this, and the Fair was moved to a specially built exhibition site, somewhat to the disappointment of regular visitors who were reluctant to exchange the splendours of a palace for the chilly modern interior of what appeared to be an enormous aircraft hangar. The growth of the Fair this year would seem to suggest that it is now too large for the old Palazzo anyway, and even if this inevitably means that some of the initial charm is lost, it is surely no bad thing, in the long run, for the Fair to mature and expand and thus increase its stature.

The British stand was undoubtedly one of the attractions of the Fair. Over 800 books from 30 different publishers were exhibited, and no one, seeing the attractive display, would have suspected the last minute, child-lugging efforts made by the representatives from the Publishers' Association and the British Council to get those 800 books through a series of seemingly insuperable customs and customs barriers. Dogged British determination and diplomatic skill triumphed in the end, and the

show went on, quietly doing its bit for the export drive so much so that there were queues of foreign publishers waiting to do business with British representatives on the stand, and the handsome British catalogue, designed by John Ryder, soon became a collector's item. We owe much to the Board of Trade and the British Council for their continued support of British participation in Bologna.

Pressure of business did not leave as much time as one would have liked to walk around and enjoy the rest of the Fair, but it was impressive to see the number of countries represented, and to notice such things as the excellence of Japanese colour printing, the high proportion of outstanding picture books emanating from a clutch of distinguished houses in Switzerland, the somewhat unintelligible exhibit from the National Central Library at Taipei, and the well-organized state publishing activities from such countries as Rumania, where, according to the catalogue, the Youth Publishing House has since 1948 issued more than 7,500 titles and distributed over 151 million copies. International politics, fortunately, do not colour the atmosphere at Bologna, but even so a specially warm welcome was given to the Czech exhibitors in the year following that in which their fine artist, Jiří Trnka, had been awarded the Hans Andersen illustration prize. And one cannot ignore the universal drawing power of the mighty American dollar: one exhibitor from the large American contingent was heard to exclaim ruefully, "Everyone is after our money."

One kind of particular interest was that of the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young People (why do we all say "and Young People"?), from Leoben, a formidable-sounding but obviously lively organization

under the patronage of the Empress of Iran. The books on the stand were vigorously colourful picture books of traditional tales, but discussion with the representatives, in my experience, was limited to a great deal of hand waving, howling and grinning. One nods and grins one's way through most language barriers, and one of my most enjoyable moments was the instant rapport established in any language when I produced a piece of original artwork by Michael Foreman from a forthcoming Hamish Hamilton picture book, featuring, somewhat surpris-

ingly, a hippopotamus with a piano in his mouth.

All things considered the Fair was an unqualified success. The weather was unseasonably cold but business was brisk, meals were stupendous, the streets overflowed with students enjoying their annual and absolutely non-violent festival, and a general air of international goodwill could quite clearly be felt. I wonder if there is any significance in the fact that the Children's Book Fair was to be followed immediately by the First World Festival of the Circus?

INK-BOTTLE CLUB ABROAD Sarah Stafford Smith

A holiday in Paris re-unites the members of the Ink-Bottle Club, who first appeared in the story of that name. It is just before the 1914-18 war and the period atmosphere is enchanting. Illustrated by Douglas Phillips. Today 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 170pp SBN 245 59642 9. 18s.

ISLAND BOY Margaret Mackay

By the author of "Dolphin Boy", etc. The unforgettable story of Robert Louis Stevenson's step-grandson Austin Strong, who went to spend a year with the famous author in the South Seas. Illustrated by John M. Lewis. July 21 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 144pp SBN 245 59395 0. 15s.

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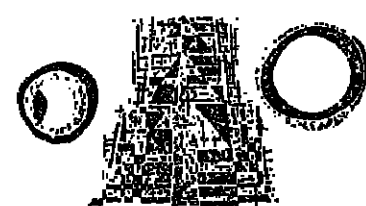
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Masterly stories which call on all the traditional fairy tale ingredients—but different because of their impish fun, and their mixture of the fantastic and the everyday. 22s

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Drawings by RAY OGDEN
A story set in Roman Britain. As children, Taran and Claudia lived near an ancient hill fort. When

the garrison troops set up their uncle Constantine as Emperor, Taran follows Constantine to Gaul. Britain is abandoned. When Taran eventually returns, he realises that the old forts must be fortified again. 21s

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'Admirable books as gifts for children fortunate enough to have discerning friends and relatives'. J. M. H. Berwick, *Society for Hellenic Travel Review*

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Anne Vickers Barber
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'A delightful little book—rather like a curio in itself, its 25 different themes (kings, chessmen, paperweights, parrots, horse-brasses, etc.) Pictures throughout'. Naomi Lewis, *Smith's Trade News*

The Chronicles of Narnia

C. S. Lewis
Illustrated by Pauline Baynes

'The intensity of imagination, narrative power, beauty of description and extraordinary clarity of style, together with the allegorical significance, give them a strong appeal to adults, as well as to children'. *The Times*

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe 12s 6d net
The Voyage of the Dawn Treader 12s 6d net
The Silver Chair 15s net
The Horse and his Boy 15s net

JOURNEYING BOYS

STORIES told by children, as supposed to stories for children. Are apt to be long-winded, repetitions and meandering, with the point frequently forgotten long before the end. There is an art in seeing the story from the child's point of view, but a greater art in avoiding tedium in telling it. This tedium—only too familiar to any mother—afflicts the first part of *Journey from Peppermint Street*. Everything comes to the reader in the words of Sieben, the young Dutch boy, and we have to keep pace with every shade of feeling in his mind and every step of his lagging feet on the journey with his grandfather through one interminable evening. This is certainly brilliant mind-reading, and Meinert DeJong has climbed right inside Sieben's head, but more selectively and pace would make the story easier to read. Another stumbling-block is the style of Sieben's thoughts as he talks to himself. When he sticks to plain narrative all is well, but he too often addresses himself in phrases, beginning 'Oh, but . . . or 'Hey! or 'Why! and continuing with a rather studied artlessness: 'Oh, it was lovely-wonderful!'. 'Oh, it was close and chummy with Grandpa now!'. 'He wanted to tell Aunt Hinka something in the great big chumminess.'

Perhaps American readers take this sort of thing in their stride. It certainly sets this British reader's teeth on edge. Style apart, the story is unusual, and gradually warms up, becoming really interesting and exciting as Sieben and his grandfather finally reach their objective. This is an old monastery in the middle of a dangerous swamp, where Sieben's charming miniature aunt lives with her equally charming enormous husband, who is friendly and full of humour even though he is deaf and dumb. Sieben is left alone for a while, conquers his nervousness, tends a newborn calf, hooks an enormous fish in the swamp, and makes the acquaintance of a tame frog that lives in the well in his bedroom. There is an exciting climax when the monastery is hit by a tornado, and Sieben and his aunt have a lucky escape and discover a secret passage. The end of the story is the homeward journey and the happy discovery that Sieben's parents and little brother and even the pathetic little dog Wayfarer have come safely through the storm.

Turi's Papa, by Elizabeth Borton de Treviño, is also told from a child's point of view, but in a straightforward style which makes the story move easily and does not jar on the reader. It is a vivid and appealing story based on an incident in real life. Turi, a small boy who is half Hungarian and half gypsy, spends most of his early years, with his gypsy mother's family, learning gipsy ways and morals. His mother dies, and Turi and his father, a skilful violin-maker, have to walk from Hungary to a promised job in

Cremona, without passports or papers. Such a journey immediately after the last war meant crossing guarded frontiers and avoiding hostile occupation troops. Danger and politics and conflicting ideologies are all seen from Turi's level. He knows that there are bad men who oppress the honest country people, and takes it for granted that he and his father have to hide from them or escape by tricks and lies, but he knows nothing about Russia or Communism or the cold war, any more than he knows that the country he is crossing is Yugoslavia. There is an effective contrast between the two main characters. Turi has the gipsy's skill in crossing wild country and dealing with animals, which is a great help to his father, and he also has the gipsy's carefree way of stealing anything he needs badly, which horrifies him. Turi is impulsive and affectionate and demonstrative, whereas his father is honest, strong-minded and keeps his emotions well hidden. There is a gradual change in both: Turi learning to respect his father's integrity and trust in his affection, and the father growing happier and more relaxed. Their adventures are full of incident and suspense, and the people they meet are lifelike in their variety. There are brave good-hearted priests and peasants and lorry-drivers, but there are also bad and treacherous characters to be outwitted. Turi and his father arrive at their journey's end completely destitute, but all ends happily and there is promise of a bright and credible future for both of them.

The Canary Tree, by M.-J. Makovic, is an interesting study of the Canary Islands and some of their legends and superstitions, especially the ones concerning the 'dragon tree'. There are vivid and effective

Maori lines

Tur new book by the New Zealand team who produced *The Boy and the Taniwha* is a disappointment. The earlier book was marvellously interesting visually. Para Matchitt's bold patterned pictures were really exciting. There were strange shapes of *taniwha* and *iki* and cabbage palms and among them a child could pick out penguins, owls, people in bed, a bird's-eye view of village and beach and a sea full of fish—and see them as he had never seen them before.

But in *Rua and the Sea People* the Maori artist has unfortunately chosen to restrict himself to the swirling lines and squares and triangles which would have been used by an artist of the time of the story, which tells of the arrival of Captain Cook. This may be interesting for an adult student of folk art but these rather mechanical repetitive patterns in hard blue, red and black lines will surely be confusing and unrewarding to a child. One hopes for another book, not of pictures but full of Mr. Matchitt's unique vision.

In *Nuki and the Sea Serpent* the story is perhaps more important than the pictures, attractive though these are. Nuki is a Maori boy whose inventive imagination conjures up blood-curdling tales such as the one about 'wild men' with long pink hair who jump out of travellers and cut them up, 'crunch crunch'. Sent away for disturbing people with these fantasies, he encounters a monstrous but good-natured Sea-Serpent (an appreciative listener, too) and Nuki proudly turns to the village with his impressive friend. A handsome book: strong ornamental pictures with the folk-print look enrich the tale.

R. L. BACON: *Rua and the Sea People*. Illustrated by Para Matchitt. Collins, 16s.

RUTH PARK: *Nuki and the Sea Serpent*. Illustrated by Zelma Blakely. Longmans Young Books, 15s.

MEDITERRANEAN MOTHER GOOSE

BENI MONTRESOR is known over there chiefly for his enchanting illustrations to *May I Bring a Friend*, which won the Caldecott Medal in America. *I Saw a Ship A-Sailing*, described as 'A picture book with Mother Goose Rhymes', is also, in its way, an impressive achievement, although not, perhaps quite so successful. Each page carries an enormous picture executed in unashamedly vivid, colours; the author mentions his memories of medieval and renaissance frescoes as sources for these illustrations, but it is more as if Little Boy Blue were having an opium dream, or Old King Cole had called for his pipe and his bash.

Undoubtedly some of these pictures are very striking, telling their stories impressionistically by the sum of their constituent parts. Thus 'As I Went to Bonner' is illustrated by a profusion of wigs piled high on every other animal except the pig in question. There are recurrent motifs: two 'flower-plant' children sail from page to page, apparently left over from another book. *The Witches of Venice*, not so far published,

example, an abundance of lions' heads, looming darkly from the most unlikely places.

English and American nursery-rhyme illustrators have tended to get stuck in a perpetual eighteenth-century groove. Beni Montresor, an Italian, comes to the same rhymes with a view that is fresh and original, and opens up quite new possibilities. Children will almost certainly gaze with curiosity at these strange, some-

times evocative pictures, full of references and odd, inconsequential detail, but not, probably, with attention. It is all rather too persistent, mysterious for that—the book's strength but also its ultimate weakness as a fully satisfying work.

BENI MONTRESOR: *I Saw a Ship A-Sailing*. Or *The Wonderful Land that Only Little Flower-Plant Children Can Find*. Collins, 16s.

Child minders

These things gathered together in one volume, but unfortunately void of the games, action rhymes and suggestions for other activities are to be new to parents or playground organizers. Many, if not all, action rhymes are intended to be sung, not said, and for those to whom they are unfamiliar they would have been more valuable had the best been included. By far the best part in fact, are Ruth Ainsworth's original stories and rhymes.

RUTH AINSWORTH: *Look, Listen, and Learn*. Collins, 16s.

THE TRUTH WITHIN THE FICTIONS

It was sound shocking to say that half the population is below average intelligence. Sally comes from a family of eight-year-olds, and this half of the population, though the reader probably sits next to her at school, just as Sally sits next to Jamie. Were such distinctions still made, it would be clear that Sally is in the 'A' stream and heading for the Secondary

school. The Barretts do not bother to buy the cheap paperback the breeder recommends, nor even to read her instructions on the care of goats, so that poor Rosanna is given the wrong food and the wrong environment. Though she is gentle and good-tempered, both Jamie and his mother are afraid of her. The latter refuses to milk her, and is not above lashing out at her with a broom for 'naughtiness' that could have been avoided by greater understanding or thought on her own part.

Rosanna is not its heroine. She is a spirey pily, but the author rightly finds people more important. Sally comes nearest to heroic qualities, but she is little more than an interested on-looker. The Barretts are the central characters, and they are portrayed with a degree of realism rare in a children's book. Neither heroes nor villains, they are not particularly likable, but despite their ill-treatment of Rosanna, the reader cannot help feeling sorry for them. They are so human they could well be the

family of the little boy sitting next to you in school.

Drumons may not be so real as goats, but in Janet McNeill's hands they are no less credible. Of her four short stories in *Dragons Come Home!* the first and last are of the highest quality.

In the story that gives the book its title, people build a town at the foot of a hill whose caves are inhabited by dragons. At first they coexist satisfactorily, each interested in observing the other from a respectful distance, and the people very wisely stay indoors on the Dragons' Night Out. But when the dragons wreck the apparatus on the recreation ground, the people drive them away. Life without dragons, however, is surprisingly not so idyllic as expected, and when the Dragons' Night Out comes round again, the people wistfully put up banners, reading, 'Dragons Come Home!' and hopefully shut themselves indoors. Do the dragons come? The story does not tell us, but ends with the people waiting.

The same lack of explicitness makes the story 'And a Packet of Carpet Seed' such a delight. Miss Prinkett cannot afford to buy a new carpet, so she seeds one, but as it grows it gets out of hand. The effect on her prying neighbours is just what one would expect, and she can hardly cause more gossip by buying a lawn-mower when she lives in a gardenless upstairs flat. But what exactly happens when the neighbours go on holiday? What arrives

JOAN CASH: *The Cats go to Market*. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Abernethy-Schuman, 18s.

There are eleven cats in this slight but long-winded story about market day in a living village. Mr. Stobbs struggles manfully to fit them all into the pictures, but one's sympathies are mainly with the poor fishwife trying to protect her wares.

MISCHA DAMIAN: *The False Flamingo*. Illustrated by Ralph Steadman. Dennis Dobson, 18s.

A little parable for birds. Adebare the stork is happy, but his wife Adebare is discontented. Flying round in a disgruntled mood, she sees some flamingoes and is consumed with envy. Her ridiculous efforts to pass herself off as a flamingo land her—and her poor hen-pecked husband—into trouble. Large pictures in striking colours.

MISCHA DAMIAN: *The Magic Paintbox*. Illustrated by Janosch. Dennis Dobson, 18s.

Bold pictures in striking colours, slashed on with confidence, do their best to put life into a rather lame story about a boy who feels sorry for a neglected pony and plays tricks on the pony's owner until she mends her ways.

JOSEPH JACOBS: *Lily Jack*. Illustrated by Barry Wilkinson. Bodley Head, 15s.

Jack's rise from idiot penury to happy



From *Dragons Come Home!*

When the baby thrives and no longer needs Rosanna's milk, the Barretts think only of the trouble and expense of keeping her, and are glad when an opportunity occurs to return her to her former owner. They are shocked and resentful when the latter points out that their neglect has brought the goat almost to the point of death. It is not that they are deliberately cruel, but with the goat, as with life in general, they are just unable to make the effort to cope.

Though she gives the book its title,

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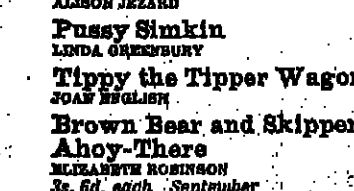
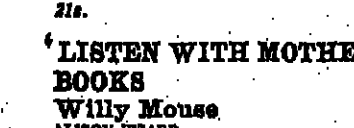
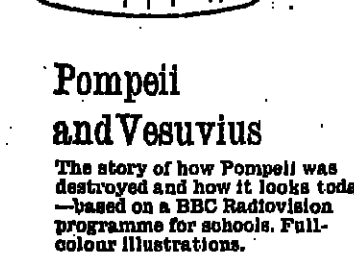
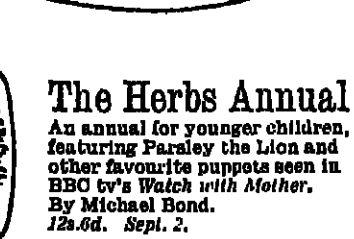
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Jack's rise from idiot penury to happy

in those mysterious parcels? What goes away regularly in plump sacks? And can that really be the sound of croquet mallet on ball when there is no croquet lawn for miles around? We are not told, but it is delicious to guess.

The two intervening stories, about a mouse and a march hare, are much more commonplace but quite entertaining.

Though nothing in it is exactly impossible, *Gypsy Princess* can hardly be called realistic when set beside *Rosanna*; and although it is certainly not about magic like *Dragons Come Home!* it is not without a quality of enchantment. Perhaps 'romantic' is the word to describe it.

Zilda, a half-gypsy orphan, and the middle-class Robert find what amounts to a secret passage leading from the terrace houses where they are staying into an antique dealer's store. Zilda is enchanted to find a real gypsy caravan there. She cleans it out with loving care and sits dreaming in it while the more mechanically minded Robert sets about making a penny-farthing bicycle work. When the secret ceases to be a secret, she and Robert are allowed to accompany the caravan to its permanent home in the country. Eventually the caravan—surprisingly, delightfully—turns out to be Zilda's own, and she and her aunt look forward to living in it while the aunt pursues the kind of country life she has always wanted.

The story has qualities to fire a child's imagination. It satisfies the longing for secret places and the desire to have a little house of his—or more probably, her—own. Not one of the world's great books, but one that will give many children a great deal of pleasure.

MARY COCKERT: *Rosanna the Goat*. Illustrated by Reginald Gray. Chatto, Boyd and Oliver, 10s. 6d.

JANET MCNEILL: *Dragons Come Home!* Illustrated by John Lawrence. (Antelope Books.) Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.

ROSANNA K. FAY: *Gypsy Princess*. Illustrated by Philip Gough. Dent, 20s.

And Also . . .

CAROL JAMES: *Anna and the Mini-Man*. Illustrated by Zena Max. André Deutsch, 16s.

RUDOLF OTTO WIMMER: *The Good Robber Willibald*. Illustrated by Marie Mareks. (Antelope Books.) Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.

Two wish-fulfillment fantasies, in which imaginary companions come to life. Anna's Mini-Man is a real miniature adult as a child would see him, and the scrapes into which he leads Anna are of a kind that would naturally spring from the situation, but the book has a slightly old-fashioned air. Willibald is a picture in Marie's book who comes to life each night to convince Mami that he is really a bold, bad robber. Unfortunately, every time he sets out to do so, a call on his good nature leads him into doing a good deed instead of a bad one.

Counting on 17 July

CHRISTOPHER REYNOLDS

'Absurdly and triumphantly funny. Some readers may particularly relish the codes and ciphers; some the hazardous adventures; some the madly comical pictures. A special treat, I'd say, for small boys under 11 or 12'. Naomi Lewis 8-11 18s 233 9608 3

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ANIMAL KINGDOMS

ANIMAL stories are best when they avoid attributing human qualities to the animal world. Although it is scarcely possible to make an animal the main figure in a story without using a good deal of imagination on its behalf, it can be done objectively and in a credible way. *Kavik the Wolf Dog* by Walt Morey is a sound example of this. The author knows Alaska and its life, and this is the setting for the story of the great, hardy dog, trained to win the North American Sledge-Dog Derby. That is only the beginning of his adventures; he is nearly killed in a plane crash, slowly recovers, and settles down with Andy, the boy who has rescued him; then is sold, and finally finds his way back home, a lonely trek of two thousand miles. One comes to admire Kavik and his persistence and loyalty. The Alaskan scene is graphically described, and especially as Kavik makes his way northwards in the winter, a formidable picture of the glaciers and mountain ranges, canyons and crevasses, is created. At the end of it all the dog comes, thin, hungry and injured, back to the very path where he used to meet Andy every day returning from school.

Untamed is a sequel to H. M. Peel's *Jugo* about a stallion who became a legend in the Australian outback. Jugo hated man, and lived in freedom, leading a herd of wild horses. In *Untamed* an English couple, Ann Henderson and her husband, come out to Australia, and Ann is determined to capture one of Jugo's fillies to take home as a brood mare to their stud in England. It is no easy task. Days and nights in the saddle, blinding heat, dust storms, thirst and a near skirmish with death are all part of the search for Jugo's herd. The pursuit of the great red stallion never flags as the English couple, the Australian, Jack, and the aborigine Tam, with his strange sixth sense, scour the desert. In the end Jugo comes to Jack's

station to lead away his mares, but is eventually tamed to some extent, and stays there. Some readers may find this a rather disappointing end, and could wish that Jugo had gone completely free. Ann gets her red filly and leaves her to be prepared for her journey to England the next year.

Nowhere in *Moshie Cat* is there any mention of the name of the island on which Moshie, the kitten, lives. But it is the "true adventures of a Mallorquin kitten" so it must be Mallorca. Most children like to know where a story takes place, and this would have to be explained to an inquiring child who might ask where it is.

Moshie's story begins as a very young kitten in a box in a shed in an orchard. As he grows up, his world expands, and he learns to know the orchard, until he is removed from his mother and given to a family. Hard times follow, cruel children and near starvation. Then Moshie has a bit of luck when he is adopted by a kind woman and shares her care with other assorted cats with odd names and various temperaments. He has many adventures, an illness from which he recovers and a surprise when his owner, after an absence, returns with a "strange creature—a baby—which mewed just like a tiny kitten". Moshie ends up happily in the Animal Refuge, along with the other household cats, when the family leaves the island for the big city. The drawings by Shirley Hughes are charming.

WALT MOREY: *Kavik the Wolf Dog*. Illustrated by Peter Parnall. Dent, 21s.

H. M. PEEL: *Untamed*. Illustrated by Mortelmans. Harrap, 18s.

HELEN GRIMFITH: *Moshie Cat*. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY

IN an adventure in the Himalayas a snow leopard, hungry and seeking food for her kittens, is the constant antagonist of Temba, the brave and hardy boy of thirteen who has to outwit her and defeat her. Temba is the hero of *Duel in the High Hills*, in which Arthur Catherall tells a thrilling story of how the hill boy lins meet and overcome difficulties which would tax a grown man. He is coming down with his father to the annual bazaar at Rakfazar in the plains below, to sell their sheep and goats, when his father is injured by the snow leopard. Temba has to leave him in camp, go down alone to Rakfazar, where he is tricked by some devious characters, get instructions from a doctor, return, fight both the villains who have followed him back, beat off the snow leopard yet again, and somehow get the whole lot down onto the plain. The speed of the action makes almost impossible deeds pass credibly, and in the end Temba—now a man in valour—returns happily homeward with his father.

The Doom Fishermen is the first thriller for younger readers by Andrew York, who has so far written for adults. His story is well calculated to catch the interest of teenagers, though there is nothing in it of substance or style enough to suggest a re-reading. It is a conventional type of spy thriller, as hero there is Jonathan Anders, Britain's youngest secret agent, 23 years old, a chess-playing athlete who is still only training for the job when he is sent to find out why a mysterious Russian trawler has sunk off Guernsey. Of course the reason is a Russian scientific secret, in charge of a clever Russian woman scientist who leads Jonathan a chase before he finally catches up with her in the Outer Hebrides. Involved also are a beautiful young American woman journalist and her brother. It is all very high-spirited and hair raising, and we must perhaps be glad that the real secret service does not go on in this knock-about way.

Tall Furry Riding is a tale of the Old West, is a blow by blow account of

the anger of the huge chief Gennatino when he thinks that the equally huge Captain Shelby has tricked him with a false treaty, and that the railroad is to go through the territory of the Mesquero Apaches. This story is based on what happened at the time when the Apache Indians had been told that their territory would be safe from the white man. How Captain Shelby of Fort Buchanan, ruff Gennatino and his braves, and the threatened conflict was averted, makes an exciting tale. The author's experience as a war correspondent and years of journalism show in the vividness of detail and the crisp, uncluttered English.

ARTHUR CATHERALL: *Duel in the High Hills*. Illustrated by Stanley Smith. Dent, 21s.

ANDREW YORK: *The Doom Fishermen*. Hutchinson, 18s.

JOHN ROSS: *Tall Furry Riding*. Illustrated by Michael Cole. Hutchinson, 13s.

And Also...

PAUL BERN: *The Secret of the Missing Book*. Translated from the French by John Buchanan-Brown. Illustrated by Barry Wilkinson. Penguin Books, 3s. 6d.

"Parch had never envied other people. At fourteen he was King of the Little Sea, the 'Morbillion'. And it is in this role that Parch has his brush with a criminal gang who are hunting for a boat lost in the maze of offshore islands round the coast of Brittany. One of Paul Bern's liveliest adventure stories, it was first published in France and England in 1966.

BRUCE CARTER: *The Perilous Descent into a Strange World*. Illustrated by Janet Duchesne. Puffin Books, 4s. 6d. Two pilots shot down on a wartime mission in 1944, parachute into a strange world and a strange and horrifying adventure below the surface of the earth. The fact that the book was originally published in 1952, appeared in *Rutins* six years later and is now in a revised edition testifies to its continuing popularity as an out-of-the-world adventure story for boys. But why bother with pictures?

Magic to medicine

IN *The Wonderful World of Medicine* Lord Ritchie Calder gives his readers a clear and simple account of how medicine began as magic among primitive man, with a surrounding of complicated rites, spells and counter-spells. He explains how these magicians developed considerable skill in management and treatment of disease and cures, as one example, the use of quinine among the Incas of Peru. The Egyptians, because of their practice of embalming the dead, acquired a considerable knowledge of the anatomy of human organs; the Greeks, on the other hand, from their study of a "life class" of naked wrestlers and athletes, acquired a superb knowledge of muscle action and structure, as is seen in their sculpture. The Chinese, over 2,000 years ago, were able to state that "all the blood of the body is under the control of the heart and flows in a circle and never stops" but we had to wait for Harvey, in the seventeenth century, to give the final explanation of the process. By linking the past with the present so clearly, Ritchie Calder makes it easy to appreciate that the progress of medicine has shown a steady development from early times, but that there have been great figures, like Ambrose Paré in the sixteenth century, who by sheer genius made a great leap forward: his treatment of wounds and his deep knowledge of the action of muscles have made a good foundation for much modern knowledge. It is his insistence that advances in medical knowledge have, from the earliest times, come from all parts of the world, that makes this

short book such a valuable introduction to a study of the complex field of medicine. The founding of Chulavinda's first medical school at Salerno, in the fourth century, combined the teaching of the Greeks, Arabs, Romans and Jews into one. Ritchie Calder moves easily over the origin and development of hospitals, the discovery of vaccination by Jenner, of antiseptics by Lister, of radium by the Curies and of penicillin by Fleming down to the present day organization of the W.H.O. and all the work it does in the preventive and curative field. The book is well illustrated and has a useful glossary.

Charles King's short book on hospitals carries the story one step further. Taking a road accident as his text, he guides his reader skilfully through all the departments of a modern hospital, with enough detail to make the work of these various departments understandable. He pays a well-deserved tribute to the importance of the work of the nurse. The kitchen, the engineering plant and the Central Sterile Supply are among the many departments where work, so often ignored, is described fully. The book gives a good idea of what a highly organized, complicated and interconnected affair it is to be found when the working of a large hospital is really studied.

RICHELIE CALDER: *The Wonderful World of Medicine*. Illustrated by Macdonald, 21s.

CHARLES KING: *Hospitals*. Illustrated by the Author. (People at Work) Blackie, 9s. 6d.

Cave dwellers

JOHN PREPPER'S book covers the prehistory of the Old Stone Age, having its account heavily on the finds from the well-known caves of the Périgord, Dordogne, S.W. France. Since not all that was significant in the Palaeolithic period is represented there, brief sections also deal with, for example, early man in East Africa, but a good deal of information has simply to be omitted.

This is certainly not a text-book to teach archaeologists about the Old Stone Age, and not intended as such. It is a lively attempt to present a picture of life at various stages of the period, and to say something of the surviving evidence and how archaeologists discover and interpret it. The account is supported by numerous illustrations, many in colour, showing sites, excavations in progress, artifacts, hominid fossils, famous archaeologists, palaeolithic art, and much more besides; there are also a number of imaginative reconstruction pictures, mostly paintings by Charles R. Knight and Maurice Wilson, showing scenes in the life of Palaeolithic man. Some of these may be somewhat lurid to the eyes of the professional archaeologist, though by no means all of them. The reader must remember that they are subjective impressions and tentative reconstructions, not photographs like the

rest. Many archaeologists whose lives are spent in minute study of thousands of flints and bones left by Palaeolithic man would dearly like to be able to offer their colleagues such a colourful interpretation securely based on their excavations and the mute artifacts and drawings that are the background to the and the mute artifacts and drawings that are the background to the whole very well. It maintains a degree of accuracy in the facts, even if its treatment is highly selective. It has no praise for the twentieth-century treasure-seekers, diggers from whom the French suffered so much, and it pays full attention to two of the outstanding diggers of recent times (Abel Palau and Combe Grenet).

The style is graphic and the illustrations, showing the usual pattern of the Oxford Children's Reference Library, and it is interesting to have a credit to both author and illustrator. There are, however, a number of items on the debit side. The book contains only two maps, one measuring two miles square, the other not even showing the position of the Equator and its distance in detail in the text. It must have been difficult to fit into one volume of less than two hundred pages, and there are, it appears, excuses to devote one of forty-three sections to folk tales easily available elsewhere and another to

JOHN E. PREPPER: *The Search for Man*. Illustrated. (Caravel) Cussell, 25s.

Naomi Lewis says:

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A new collection of lesser known tales in a new format. 25/-

MULLER

Japanese history

BRIAN POWELL'S *Modern Japan*, in the Young Historian series, is more satisfactory than its companion volume *Ancient Japan*, by Professor Kidder. It is a simpler brief, of course, and a more of a hotchpotch of anthropology, archaeology, myth and history, one finds in the new book a straightforward chronological account of the history of Japan from c. 800 to the present day. Even so, it is complex enough and the author is to be congratulated. He seems to have managed to condense nearly twelve hundred years of history into a readable narrative of only a hundred pages without distortion and with few regrettable omissions. He does leave out the interesting question of contact with the Dutch on the island of Deshima during the long period when Japan was otherwise a closed country. And it is a pity that he has no room to explain the reasons for the ending of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1921, and change that he leaves out the second atomic bomb, dropped on Nagasaki, but these are small blemishes on an excellent book.

The first half is devoted to the first thousand years of the period—from the flowering of a courtly culture in the Heian period, through the fighting between rival feudal lords, to the long peaceful years of the Tokugawa Shogunate. The second half of the book looks at the last hundred years since the Meiji Restoration and the end of Japan's isolation from the world, when the most extraordinary and rapid changes in Japan's history happened. Only a hundred years ago Japan had none of the trappings of a modern state—a national army or navy, no national educational, legal or monetary systems, no parliament and very few factories.

He hopes to have equipped his young readers to talk about Japanese history with the Japanese themselves. This is a pleasant hypothesis; at least they will have a far greater understanding of any news items next year when the Security Pact with America is due for renewal.

BRIAN POWELL: *Modern Japan*. A Brief History from c. 800 to the Present Day. Illustrated. (A Young Historian Book.) Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 15s.

South of the Sahara

There is a need for material on Africa, to help children understand the problems and tensions that are the background to the rapid changes taking place in that continent. Mr. Curtis's book is welcome as making some contribution towards that end, but the subject is so degree of accuracy in the facts, even if its treatment is highly selective. It has no praise for the twentieth-century treasure-seekers, diggers from whom the French suffered so much, and it pays full attention to two of the outstanding diggers of recent times (Abel Palau and Combe Grenet).

This book deals mainly with the south of the Sahara, giving its principal geographical features, climate, history, and sections on its people, customs and way of life. The material is divided into forty chapters of two pages each, showing the usual pattern of the Oxford Children's Reference Library, and it is interesting to have a credit to both author and illustrator. There are, however, a number of items on the debit side. The book contains only two maps, one measuring two miles square, the other not even showing the position of the Equator and its distance in detail in the text. It must have been difficult to fit into one volume of less than two hundred pages, and there are, it appears, excuses to devote one of forty-three sections to folk tales easily available elsewhere and another to

the description of six African birds. A book of this kind must be regarded as an introduction only and it is a pity that there is no guidance to further information on the subject; even in the standard pattern of a series publication there should be some room for variation, and a bibliography is certainly called for here. Books on Africa suffer if too closely linked with the present; the rebels of today may be the respected leaders of tomorrow, eminent leaders become disgraced and deposed, and it is not easy to present an account which will be seen as unbiased today and appear equally so in five years' time. Nevertheless, some indication of Africa's current difficulties should surely be given; Mr. Curtis skirts coyly around many of the basic problems of Africa and in so doing misleads his young readers.

The book is always readable, the information presented clearly and with a light touch, but it is really Africa, the Dark Continent of the past, strange, terrifying, magnificent, the swarming, vigorous continent we know today as a potential volcano, or is it African-bowdlerized to make it fit for childish consumption?

ARNOLD CURTIS: *Africa*. (Oxford Children's Reference Library, 10/-) Oxford University Press, 25s.

Sasek in America

THOMAS Mr. Sasek is getting tired of globe-trotting after ten years, perhaps there is a bubble of sanity about the United States capital and he feels it would be well to see what the cause of this is. Whatever the cause, this is a book with some of the early volumes of the same series. For one thing, there is very much to be said in the early books; he succeeded in distilling the essence of the place in brief, telling sentences, he crams in long paragraphs of factual information, not all of it accurate (any West-country child, for example, could tell him there is more than one white tiger in captivity). It is sad to say that the illustrations are less witty too. Whereas the same on, for example, London, is

full of pictures of natives and visitors which evoke both a smile and the feeling that they are absolutely true, there is a much higher proportion of buildings and inanimate objects. In the Washington book, such people as are portrayed are come in a conventional way and show little of the wit and discernment that characterized the first volumes in the series. Even the buildings seem more pompous. Indeed, one no longer has the impression that the artist has browsed around the city of his choice, getting to know the people and the feel of the place, but rather that he has tossed off his book with the aid of a guide and a collection of coloured photographs. Perhaps it is time he had a rest.

M. SASEK: *This is Washington, D.C.* W. H. Allen, 20s.

Plays and players

THE PROBLEM with short introductions to large and complex subjects is that in the process of selection and simplification a thoroughly misleading image can emerge, one that will put off the reader from pursuing his acquaintance with the subject instead of leading him to further happy intimacy. This particular trap is triumphantly avoided in J. B. Priestley's new addition to the "Wonderful World" series. He manages to avoid it mainly by deciding from the outset on a clear line which he follows consistently throughout the book: that of the theatre as an image of its time and place. Theatre, that is, both in the general sense, as an art, and more specifically as the building in which the art is practised. Thus his comments on the dramatists and dramatic forms of any particular era are always related on the one hand to the outside world in which they necessarily existed, a world in which men lived, thought and acted, and on the other hand to the immediate practicalities of the physical theatre, the forms of staging which both shaped and were shaped by what dramatists wrote.

Within this pattern a lot of Mr. Priestley's individual judgments are sharp and to the point. He is helpful in pointing out the nature of the relationship between the theatre and cinema and television, which he regards as children that quite legitimate children of the theatre. The pictures in the book are well used, being closely related step by step to the text they illustrate and extend. There is also a glossary which suffers somewhat in comparison with the rest of the text by the seeming arbitrariness of its choice of

terms for explanation. Perhaps it would have been more useful to give these twenty pages over to extending the main text.

The National Youth Theatre has been a somewhat controversial institution during its thirteen years of life. Large claims have been made for it both as a piece of constructive social thinking and as an artistic endeavour. Equally, there have never been lacking those who felt that the two considerations were fatally liable to get mixed up with each other: the socially good thing might not necessarily produce anything very outstanding judged on its own merits as theatre, and the theatrical performance might often, especially by critics not normally too well acquainted with amateur theatrically, be given all too many benefits of regard for the organizers' good intentions. These doubts still persist, but by now it is possible to see other proofs of the pudding beside first taste. A quick look through the illustrations of Simon Masters' book is enough, for instance, to show just how many of our best young actors have served their apprenticeship in Michael Croft's company. The book which chronicles the company's history is by an ex-member, and is pleasantly chatty: it gives some idea of what it was (and no doubt is) like to belong to it, but does not go very far into the thinking behind the company or its larger aims. Still, young readers are told how to become members or how to try to become members and it is all made to sound like fun.

J. B. PRIESTLEY: *The Wonderful World of the Theatre*. Macdonald, 21s. SIMON MASTERS: *The National Youth Theatre*. Longmans Young Books, 25s.

On from Damascus

FOR HOW MANY generations of school children can the apostle Paul be summed up by the painstaking tracing of his missionary journeys in coloured pencils, from Corinth to Ephesus, from Philippi to the towns of Asia Minor? How many school teachers, after the initial drama on the Damascus Road, have despaired of any understanding of the apostle's message and retreated to the more geographical consideration of where he went? At last an author has had the courage to tackle, at the school child's level, the more difficult and interesting question of why he went; and has given us a wealth of background material on why the epistles were written.

In places where one can assume a Christian background, this fine book will make an immediate impact and should stimulate children to explore further. Elsewhere intelligent children, or children helped by an imaginative adult, will find invaluable material in it. It is written in straightforward sensible language which could appeal to a thoughtful reader of any age.

It has clear maps, pictures—from mosaic apostles to modern riots—which strike one immediately as relevant and interesting, and a short, well-chosen book list. The chapters are a good length, usually with just enough material to be taken in at one reading. Each chapter ends with practical suggestions for further work and some excellent questions for discussion. A free-thinking adolescent might feel that it avoids the "overwhelming question"—the factual truth of the resurrection story; but within the limits of its purposes, the book speaks honestly and does what it sets out to do.

Of course there are enormous difficulties to overcome in trying to introduce a "modern" child to the thought of St. Paul. Sometimes the author does this brilliantly, as when she links the "Theologians' ideas about the end of the world" with our own scientific speculation. Occasionally, as in the chapter on Romans, she only half succeeds.

If there is a criticism of the book, it is that it does not always explore fully enough the possibility of translating some of St. Paul's universal concepts into terms of child experience; but maybe it is better for the teacher to do this face to face. Any good teacher will find

here careful biblical scholarship, simply and courteously expressed, and much stimulus and help for further research and discussion.

ROSEMARY HAZLETON: *Why the Epistles Were Written*. (Topics in Religion.) Geoffrey Chapman, 10s. 6d. non net.

Bible stories

THERE is no reason why one should not retell stories which have been retold again and again. Myths and folk tales have depths and potentialities which make them almost raw material awaiting recreation. Everyone has within him his own Adam story, his own Moses, Jacob and Joseph stories, his own David story. If he allows the original to enter deeply into him, he should be able to remake a story, refracted through his own emotional experience, different yet still alive and convincing.

Mr. Lancelyn Green seems to recognize this in his introduction; but the stories, which are less stories than conglomerations of biblical material, do not reveal this practised storyteller at his best. He seems much less at home with biblical narratives than with his other well-loved folk tales.

The language hovers between commonplace narration and lyrical quotation. The majesty and mystery of the Genesis stories, so full of silences and reticences, here seem cluttered with words. The savagery of Joshua and of Samuel comes through, but not their Deuteronomistic sense of chosenness, which alone can accord them some heroic grace.

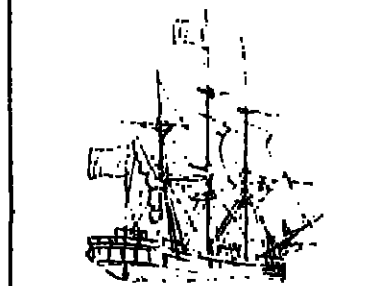
Above all, the stories have no shape. They ramble on. Ancient stories, even from Holy Writ, are not best served by including everything, but by asking: what is the purpose of this story? where is its heart? how can I enter into its unity?

Perhaps the retelling of Old Testament stories belongs to the poet or the dramatist and not to the leisured, unbuttoned storyteller who likes to proceed conversationally with "And then... and then..."

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN: *The Tale of Ancient Israel*. Illustrated by Charles Keeling. (Children's Classics.) Dent, 21s.

HURRAH, WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND

Peter Spier 16/-
(Author of THE COW WHO FELT IN THE CANAL)



The third volume of the *Marine George Library* charts the maiden voyage of a typical early 19th-century sailing vessel, from the shipyard of Foulport, France, to the Cape of Good Hope, and on to New York City and back again to France by way of Dartmouth, and no one but Peter Spier could have pictured the trip with such imaginative zest combined with so much historically accurate detail of places and ships.

Illustrated by the author

POTATOES, POTATOES

Anita Label 21/-

In this deceptively simple picture book, Anita Label tells a powerful story of two brothers who become enemies in war, and of their mother who will not give them or their starving comrades so much as one potato peel until all of them promise to lay down their swords and their guns.

Illustrated by the author

THE LAST TWO ELVES IN DENMARK

Mary Calhoun 18/-

In this beautifully illustrated picture book the last two elves in Denmark change shape in order to fight each other to determine which one is the best elf of all.

Illustrated by Janet McCaffery

THE STORY OF HESTER MOUSE

WHO BECAME A WRITER

Russell Hoban 14/-



Russell and Lillian Hoban have created a bright, new story-book heroine in Hester Mouse. Drably, with a name which suggests her adventures with delight, children and parents alike.

Illustrated by Lillian Hoban

WANDERING ROBINSON

Christina Casement 16/-

A charmingly illustrated story which describes not only the adventures of a scolding doll, but also how young readers can make a doll just like it for themselves.

Illustrated by the author

A complete list will be sent on request

WORLD'S WORK

Kingwood Street

of the lack of music, for many of the stories lack noticeable rhythmic underpinnings.

Science

Let's Read and Find Out Science Books. ROSEMARY GUNN. *Books at Night*. Illustrated by A. Akiba. AUGUSTA GORDON. *Where does your Garden Grow?* Illustrated by Helen Bottom. ROSEMARY GUNN. *Upstairs, Downstairs and Downstairs*. PETER SHAW. *How Many Teeth?* Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Black, 10s. each.

This series is a welcome transatlantic import since the four picture books, discussed, as with earlier titles, present simple scientific facts, simply, scientifically and factually. The vocabulary used is simple, but not dull. *Upstairs and Downstairs* and *How many Teeth?* are, in fact, with a briefer text than the other two, and it is possible that the drawing of Sam's father who is "bigger than Sam" and has thirty-two teeth and is shown only as a pair of legs and the lower half of a dressing-gown might prove a little difficult of comprehension to the five or six-year-old to whom the text appears to be addressed. The other two books have a longer, more complex text and here the stylized illustrations in *Where does your Garden Grow?* attractive though they are visually, might be worrying to the earnest young naturalist. This book is, in fact, about soils, and not about where garden flowers come from as the title might suggest.

MARTIN L. KELIN. *Let's Experiment*. Oubank Books, 21s.

A full, bright book, stuffed with 150 experiments which children are surprised to be able to do at home. The majority are simple, and require little elaborate apparatus, but a few require

laboratory equipment, and some, such as making an electric motor or a barometer, are beyond the scope of the beginner. The material is clearly arranged in subject groups and persuasively presented, so that even young children will have the confidence to try at least some of the experiments. The author has tried to do more than entertain, and always sketches in the scientific background to the practical work.

WILLIAM FORD. 1. *Mountains and Volcanoes*. 2. *Plains and Rivers*. 3. *Sea and Sky*. 4. *Winds and Seasons*. Illustrated by Frank Bird. Let's Look at Our Planet. Geoffrey Chapman, 6s. each.

These are text books, colourful in appearance, but disappointing in both text and illustration. The series sets out to get pupils not secondary school age, surely, though the coloured illustrations and format of the books make them look suitable for younger children to look at various geographical features via the illustrations. If this is to be done, it is much better done through photographs than by freehand illustrations, which in some cases are extremely difficult to interpret (p. 5 in book 2 illustrates what looks like a solid block of wood alongside a riverbank—it cannot possibly be that). The questions raised in the text cannot, in fact, in many cases be answered from the illustrations, nor can some of them be answered by reference to atlases or gazetteers. Some of the questions, too, are speculative and designed for teacher-inspired discussion, which even the books should be produced for the teacher rather than the pupil. This kind of treatment is carried out far more successfully by W. S. Moore in the excellent geography text books published by Hutchinson in their New Visual Geography Regional Series.

FROM FRANCE

THE name of René Guilloit, whose death is recorded on this page, figures, as many times before, in the following selection of the most noteworthy books for young people recently published in France.

RENÉ GUILLOIT: *Dans le Clou des Hêtres Sauvages*. Hachette, 7.50frs.

An amusing story of the prowess of Agathe, the tortoise, parachuted into the heart of Africa and there found by an old hunter, who reads on the parachute the address of her young owner in Paris. Come, the hunter, finds this boy in Paris and together they return to Africa and to more adventures.

YVES MAUREL: *Rencontre à Rio*. Amélie, 7.90 frs.

The setting for this dramatic story is Rio de Janeiro, where a young sailor, wounded in the carnival, is rescued by an odd young man from a shanty town. In compensation the sailor finds the young man's family for him and in so doing gives him back his enjoyment of life.

GEORGES FONVILLIERS: *Pif et L'Enchanteur*. Magnard, 7.70frs.

A sensitive, imaginative portrait of an unhappy little orphan, exploited by a wasteful aunt and bullied at school. Pif takes refuge in the world of nature until his destiny is changed by the arrival of a travelling conjuror, whom Pif takes to be a magician.

JACQUETTE VERLIS: *Catherine de la Pierre Sauvage*. Amélie, 7.90frs.

More magic, of a sort, in this story of a century ago for girls. Thirteen-year-old Cathy has the entire charge of her family and of the House of the Wild Stone. When she is ill and, in spite of her courage, haunted by her responsibilities, a self-styled sorceress comes to her aid. The nineteenth-century setting is very well captured.

R. M. RABOU: *Le Tambourinaire de la XIIIème Légion*. Amélie, 7.90 frs.

Vibrant, a war from the streets of Rome, follows Hadrian's legions, and after many adventures, reaches Britain. There he makes friends with a young Gaul, and between them the two boys manage to prevent a battle between the Gauls and the legions.

M. A. BARNON: *Les Révoltes de Kind*. Amélie, 7.90frs.

An abandoned child is adopted by a gang of robbers working on a dam in a Tyrolean valley. The men want the boy to become an engineer, and in spite of antagonism from his comrades young Kind is finally able to do justice to his benefactors' plans for him.

SAINT MARCOUT: *Le Châteaun d'Algues*. Hachette, 7.50frs.

A mysterious island, inhabited by a band of interdicted robbers known as the "sea devils", holds yet another enigma in the person of Fam Foll, a dumb girl. Two local boys, helped by a student who has been shipwrecked on the island, finally resolve the mystery.

FRANÇOIS BALSAN: *Issa le Soudan*. Magnard, 7.70frs.

Here the well-known explorer paints an interesting picture of a life, as he travels through which he has long been acquainted. The hero, Issa, is only 12 years old.

but life in his arid homeland, with the spice trade as the only source of livelihood, has given him an adult's experience. How Issa discovers the sea with rapture; dreams of returning to it from his mountain home; and how, finally, he achieves his aim, is the theme.

YVES JAMIAQUI: *Une Fissée Percutante*. Hachette, 3.60 frs.

A lively, well-told story for boys. The young hero, Andrew, wins an award for the rocket he has made and is interviewed on television. Overcome by his success he attributes to his father, a simple locksmith and plumber, the grander title of test pilot. After a momentary revolt against this flight of fancy, the father not only forgives his son, but actually joins him in his project.

THIERRY DE MOIRAN: *Poursuite à Venise*. Hachette, 3.60 frs.

Holiday adventure with plenty of excitement in Venice, where Matilda and Robert are living on an island in the lagoon, looked after by a dog-trainer and the faithful Maria.

S. PARRAULT: *Catherine Infirmière*. Hachette, 3.60 frs.

All sorts of problems are in wait for Catherine at the start of her career as a nurse, including the hostility of one of her superiors and even an accusation of drug stealing. The hospital background is well done.

J. C. FROELICH: *Le Masque du Taureau*. Magnard, 7.70 frs.

Powerful and vivid evocation of the ancient world. 1450 years before our own era, celebrated explorers visit the ancient cities of Crete and are present at the invasion of Theseus and his warriors.

JACQUELINE CROVON: *Les Pigeons d'Urcup*. G.P., 4.00 frs.

The pigeons on an island of Cappadocia in the heart of Turkey are dying mysteriously, apparently from poison, and the peasants are in consequence deprived of their livelihood from guano. Mick and Manou, visitors to the island, eventually discover the source of the poisoned grain.

GIL LARQ: *L'Herbe des Sarrasins*. G.P., 9.90 frs.

Dalmatia and the Orient are the background for a well-constructed historical-adventure story of the year 101. Two boys succeed, after many adventures, in tracking down the miraculous herb of the Saracens—cure for all ills.

For the Youngest Reader

JAMNIE CHRONOWENT: *Japy, Petit Renard du Sahara*. G.P., 5.50 frs.

The little fox, who is also a post, wants to go to the moon. He is off, takes himself and has many adventures, but everything ends happily.

PAUL LANTIERNE: *Le Poisson d'Or*. Magnard, 7.70 frs.

Poetic fantasy of the fish world. Pick is the source of much information and a fishing district has long been acquainted with him. He is talking fish to everyone he meets on his way.

Children's book news

The first move towards Standard Book Numbering—the allocation of a unique non-changeable number to every book—was made in the autumn of 1967, with the object of forestalling numerical anarchy as more and more publishers, booksellers, wholesalers and libraries took to computers. Since then, and though the idea has not been received with any conspicuous show of warmth, the advantages of a single set of numbers have become clearer, and most people in the book world have now accepted the system as something which had to come and with which we must all learn to live. Because of this, and because some organizations already act for Standard Book Numbers on orders sent to them, we propose wherever possible to include Standard Book Numbers in the bibliographical details of all books reviewed in this Children's Section, beginning with the next issue in October.

People in the trade and those who have to use Standard Book Numbering will, we hope, find the innovation helpful; other readers can, if they wish, continue in happy ignorance. Alternatively, anyone who wants to know exactly why the system was evolved and how it works will find all the information very clearly set out in a pamphlet called *Standard Book Numbering*, from The Standard Book Numbering Agency, 13 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. 5s.

and its role in Education" from Tuesday, August 12, to Friday, August 15, the conference director, Mr. Sidney Robbins, thinks that this is almost certainly the first large-scale conference of its kind and is pleased with the response. At least fifty teachers in colleges of education are among those who have enrolled. Well-known writers who will talk about their work include Margery Fisher, Joan Aiken, Leon Garfield, Alan Garner, Ted Hughes, Charles Keeping, William Mayne, Catherine Storr and Edward Blishen.

The spring number of this section had already gone to press when the news of René Guilloit's death on March 27 was announced. He has dominated the children's book world in France for so many years and is so well known outside his own country—here, for example, in Miss Gwen Marsh's able translations—that it seemed right, even belatedly, to pay tribute to him.

René Guilloit was born in 1900 in Charente Maritime. For many years he taught mathematics in Dakar and in 1936 won the Prix de Littérature Coloniale (an adult award). On his return to Paris to teach at the Lycée Condorcet a publisher, struck by his gift, as a storyteller and his fund of African memories, advised him to concentrate on writing for children. Soon after the war his first books began to appear and *Manoanna du Banianouss* (1952) achieved immediate success, as did the many books which followed, of which many were mentioned in these pages at the time of their publication in France. Among them

several won prizes, *Sama, le Roi des Éléphants*, Prix Jeune Étoile, *Maître des Éléphants*, Prix Fautou, *Serges le Lionne*, Youth League prize in Germany. Finally, Madrid in 1964 René Guilloit was awarded the distinguished Andersen prize for his work as a whole.

Few junior library magazines have forged on so faithfully as one published by the Hornsby Library in Preston. The current issue of 141 pages is packed with contributions from child-users of the library with two brief adult articles—one on a local church and one by Howard, the children's book reviewer, to give balance. It is like a very well-edited junior school magazine for a very well-run school.

The literature on Daumier there is a veritable spate just now of the kind of book announced as dealing with an "artist and his world". Reasonably enough, perhaps this dual theme always be the basic one. Possibly collaboration with society is the point of art. Persuading ourselves of this we begin to imagine classic winners as noble animals; society that provides the jockey, course and the race. Yet these are not often revealing. There is always to be so much more of the man, and less still of the unaccountable character of Daumier. If the subject encourages like a very well-edited junior school magazine for a very well-run school.

Finally, the Carnegie and Greenaway awards were made on May 8 last and have about received wide publicity; the winners are therefore no longer a surprise. The Carnegie Medal went to Rosemary Harris for *Alone in the Cloud* (Faber) and the Kate Greenaway Medal to Pauline Baynes for *Illustrations to A Dictionary of Child Psychology*, by Grant Uden.

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WARD P. VINCENT: *Daumier and his World*. 267pp. Evanston: Northwestern University Press. 52.50.

There is a veritable spate just now of the kind of book announced as dealing with an "artist and his world". Reasonably enough, perhaps this dual theme always be the basic one. Possibly collaboration with society is the point of art. Persuading ourselves of this we begin to imagine classic winners as noble animals; society that provides the jockey, course and the race. Yet these are not often revealing. There is always to be so much more of the man, and less still of the unaccountable character of Daumier. If the subject encourages like a very well-edited junior school magazine for a very well-run school.

The literature on Daumier there is a veritable spate just now of the kind of book announced as dealing with an "artist and his world". Reasonably enough, perhaps this dual theme always be the basic one. Possibly collaboration with society is the point of art. Persuading ourselves of this we begin to imagine classic winners as noble animals; society that provides the jockey, course and the race. Yet these are not often revealing. There is always to be so much more of the man, and less still of the unaccountable character of Daumier. If the subject encourages like a very well-edited junior school magazine for a very well-run school.

This view of history does indeed rest on a basic presumption, and Daumier in the early 1830s it is reasonable one. There is every sign of his shared to the full the political commitment of his circle. Whatever he recreated and made his own, but can we take the public eye, the Daumier of published work, for Daumier's own expression? Not necessarily, and this is the dual focus of a book like this. It is likely to miss the quality of a great man, in Daumier's work. There are clues to an un-entire view of life, in its outlines, its unmistakable, which we have begun to trace, and it cannot be that Mr. Vincent traces it.

His earliest paintings, for example, are already indicative. One, which was recorded by his friends to have been his first, shows a man slinging a dog into the air from the *quai* by the Pont Neuf. The dog rushes forward appalled; a man is distressed only by her distress; the father looks speedily at the water; a seated woman watches whether a top-hat passer-by will intervene. The surviving early painting shows Daumier with his family round him, posed in etching; as so often in his work, devotion to art is seen as the theme of art. The paintings which Daumier's lithographs eventually received in the Galerie Véro-see, and they are the more significant for that. Certainly they held Daumier's eye; when the lithographer "Gargantua", which Mr. Vincent interprets better than anyone else, landed him in prison, the records described him as a man. The themes of the first picture, on the one hand the compassion, moral theme set against the sympathy of man, and on the other, absorption in art, which was less profound—remained at the heart of Daumier's later work. The political side of the man, which was in fact incomplete as even the point of view between the artist and his

many historians manage to miss the artistic clues and the documentary ones together. Mr. Vincent has a sharp eye for the documents. Daumier's beginnings, he has been the first to notice. The Bibliothèque Nationale an autograph letter that Daumier's friend, Charles Philippon, later to be the printer personifying the liberty of the press, was decidedly nearer to the latter. When he abandoned it under pressure, yet surely not wholly against his will, the full realism of mid-century was still ten years away. The polemical classic style was abruptly succeeded by a picturesque romantic one which is by contrast recognizable of its time, as characteristic as its subject, Robert Macaire.

The linear brio that we now think of as peculiarly his own appeared intermittently, at first in the guise of a desperate impatience. At the end of the 1830s his basic style was summary and functional, designed simply to set off the sharp accents of facial expression. It was in the 1840s, as the comic drama that he drew took on more natural substance, that his essential freedom and humanity were expressed in a rhythmic sense of the whole body. Later it was a sense of the whole image; after 1848 the freedom of the chalk itself made each image into a single curvilinear form. His graphic manner was at its most painterly, yet it was at its farthest from the style towards which the painters themselves were moving. Again Daumier's style was working against the artistic stream of his time: it was the isolation, rather than any technical failing that made painting, which meant most to him, the history of thought, for him, apparently fated to remain to some extent either inconclusive or anachronous. In time, of course, Daumier's art was seen to be neither, but rather the vital, unique link with the linear muscle and sinew of art, which the tonal and chromatic revolution of the later nineteenth century excluded.



MM. Victor Hugo et Emile Girardin cherchent à éléver le prince Louis sur un pavois, qu'il n'est pas très solide!

Daumier documented

As a result the brilliant inventor of the graphic journalism that was so sharp a thorn in the side of the July Monarchy receives the kind of full and sympathetic treatment he deserves. We get an idea at last of the atmosphere in which flourished the extraordinary collaboration not with Daumier alone but with a whole stable of artists, Grandville, Gavarni and Decamps, among them, whom Philippon drove to explore both the venerable establishment of *la presse* and the new medium of lithography. The endless stream of fantasies about the peer himself must have been stimulated by Philippon, and Mr. Vincent reproduces a marvellous example, easy to overlook in Deltell. The peer, in monstrously tumid phallic shape, is unaccountably hoisted into the rafters of a barn by a group of labourers who must have lodged in the memory of Decamps to influence the action of his famous "Bell-ringers" nine years later. Yet Decamps has sometimes been placed among Daumier's sources.

In the circle of Philippon Mr. Vincent has rescued another sympathetic and overlooked figure, the pioneer alienist Dr. Pinel, who ran a psychiatric sick bay to Sainte Pélagie which was the only way out of the dark horrors of the prison. It sheltered among other sane radicals, Daumier, who drew the doctor "seated at his desk while about his chair the creatures of his imagination enacted scenes of disease, death, burial, and police brutalities". The print gives an Englishman a curious sensation, with its reminder that such inventions, as this, fantasies that sprang from real terror and courage, were behind the infantile rhapsody of Doyle's cover for the imitation of Philippon that took for subtitle "The London Charivari".

The first phase of Daumier's work for Philippon gives such a vivid, formidable look to the beginning of any book on him that one forgets how small a part it formed of his career: three hundred prints out of nearly four thousand, no more than five years out of forty-five. Then the unvarnished regime clamped down; the direct graphic onslaught became impossible. *Charivari* drew in its horns and *Caricature*, Philippon's other

political attack was of necessity replaced by a commentary not on politics only but on society at large, centred at first on the dramatic incarnation of villainy, Robert Macaire, but spreading eventually to the comedy of normality, *les beaux jours de la vie* and the everyday world of his time.

When Mr. Vincent has done his best we have still pitifully little documentary information about the great part of Daumier's life, apart of course from those other documents, the twice-weekly lithographs, all of them datable, almost every one of them in some way revealing, which are so legible and yet so little read. Admittedly any reading of imagery is speculative, yet speculation is irresistible if we care for one of the comprehensive and comprehending reflections of common life in art. One must speculate on the role of the lithograph in Daumier's development as a whole. How, one may wonder, did the change of direction imposed in 1835 strike him? Was it as unwelcome as savage repression is supposed to be? Can he have been unaware that the enforced broadening of view was eventually to his artistic benefit?

The political style which he evolved after 1830 and abandoned under pressure in 1835 was a two-stage style, a projectile with a double propellant aimed at a specific human target. The method, naturally enough, was suggested by Philippon. First the features of the victim were modelled in clay, somewhat in the manner of the caricature sculptor Dantan; yet not exaggerated so much as liberated, so that the character, vile, vulgar or convincing, made its own pattern of converging forms with a freedom that should now call expressionistic. Then the model, which was kept in Philippon's office as a prototype for any of his artists to use as needed, was carefully drawn in charcoal with the full range of luminous, granular tone that chalk can make on stone, tone which possesses the irrefutable continuity of classic realism. The realization is compelling: as we turn the sheet, it still leaps from the paper with surreal force. This element of objectivity in Daumier's method stands in the line of development between David and Courbet, and the heroic reality, which Charles Philippon, later

to the printer personifying the liberty of the press, was decidedly nearer to the latter. When he abandoned it under pressure, yet surely not wholly against his will, the full realism of mid-century was still ten years away. The polemical classic style was abruptly succeeded by a picturesque romantic one which is by contrast recognizable of its time, as characteristic as its subject, Robert Macaire.

Beyond appearances

GEORGE HOWIE: *Educational Theory and Practice in St. Augustine*, 338pp., Routledge and Kegan Paul, £2 10s.

In the Middle Ages St. Augustine's influence upon education was scarcely less than that upon Christian doctrine, if indeed one can be separated from the other. It is the merit of Professor Howie's book to keep the close connection between the two before us. The first two-fifths of his study are devoted to St. Augustine's life and outlook as a whole; there is also a final chapter on St. Augustine's subsequent influence. In between come four central chapters dealing with St. Augustine's ideas on the theory and practice of education. These are the best part of the book. They show Augustine as a remarkably perceptive and enlightened educationalist. His psychological insight is commonly acknowledged, as the interest gained in the *Confessions* will reveal. What is far from being universally recognized is his humane and liberal attitude towards both learning and teaching which is to be found in his earlier dialogues such as *Contra Academicos*, *De magistro*, *De beata vita*, and *De ordine*. In these works, which largely recount Augustine's own experience as a teacher, there is a warmth and understanding which Professor Howie rightly characterizes as optimism. It is the fault of Augustine's apologists that, in an endeavour to maintain a strict consistency in his thinking, he is too often regarded from his darker anti-Pelagian writings as the deprecator of free will and human capacities. What comes through here is the warmth and sympathy with which Augustine treated his pupils and the pleasure he took from their questioning and doubting.

In all that concerned human authority Augustine was resolutely opposed to passive acceptance of received ideas. It led to the great educational fallacy that learning consisted in absorbing words; they were wrongly identified with knowledge and their acquisition with education. For

Augustine, on the contrary, no one could transmit the truth to any one else because true knowledge belonged within the soul: it came from the inner word communicated by the "interior teacher". God, not from the external signs which constituted human language. The task of the teacher was to inspire the pupil with the will to learn; he had to kindle his interest to inquire and so to come to knowledge through wanting to go beyond the appearances of the everyday world. Education meant the mind's release to what was true and unchanging. It therefore rested upon commitment to a system of values.

In Augustine's case those of Christianity. The purpose of education was to lead the pupil to recognize the truth. Once achieved, the work of the teacher was done. The pupil could then explore his own soul in hope and faith. In that sense, education was essentially a moral pursuit; a teacher could not remain neutral nor could his effect upon those he taught.

Professor Howie points to the affinities between this conception and modern views. Augustine's stress upon gaining the pupil's interest and eschewing coercion comes close to modern activity methods, and the moral issues of the purposes of education are central to any philosophy of the subject. But Professor Howie does not really pursue the incompatibility of Augustine's almost exclusively theoretical stress with the needs of a technological society. Nor the practical implications of Augustine's neoplatonist conception of truth and reality. Within the context of Augustine's outlook, as Professor Howie convincingly shows, his educational theory makes perfect sense, but it is at the expense of the empirical level at which most men have to live and with which we all have to come to terms. Turning away from the world to pursue wisdom is not a practical programme. This does not diminish the value of Augustine's educational insights but it does demand their appraisal within a different framework from his.

Professor Howie has an interesting chapter on the *De doctrina christiana*

as applying Augustine's general principle to a programme of Christian education. In that work there is a parallel upon the relation between content and method. The liberal arts (which as Professor Howie remarks were not yet confined to seven) were to be studied as the path towards divine wisdom; they served no end in themselves, and their techniques were not to be pursued beyond what was necessary to further Christian understanding. Augustine displayed his distrust of words especially in his strictures against the cultivation of eloquence for its own sake as then practised in the schools of rhetoric. The Christian teacher's greatest asset was the truth of his message; this was more powerful than any techniques. Once again the teacher can only stimulate the desire to learn: he cannot himself teach the truth.

The importance of *De doctrina christiana*, as Professor Howie says, was that it was the first attempt to define a specifically Christian education. As such it had enduring influence throughout the Middle Ages. Professor Howie in his final chapter attempts a brief sketch of what this was. This is the weakest part of the book and it would have been better left undone. For one thing he cannot bring himself to decide whether he is discussing Augustine's influence as an educationalist or as a thinker, so that we are treated to brief and often seriously inaccurate summaries of aspects of medieval thought. More fundamental, Professor Howie is oblivious to the very thing he was looking for: until the thirteenth century the entire basis of medieval higher learning rested upon the programme of the *De doctrina christiana* in the relation of the arts to theology.

Finally, it must be said that for a classicist Professor Howie shows a marked inensitivity in his English renderings, to the force and sometimes the accuracy of the Latin titles of St. Augustine's works: *Reviews for Retractions*, *The Happy Life for De vita beata*, *Christian Education for De doctrina christiana* do not do justice to the originals. Nor are references usually given to the edition of a text being cited. Nevertheless, for educationalists this book should give cause for thought.

Roman law

DAVID DAUBE: *Roman Law: Linguistic, Social and Philosophical Aspects*, 205pp., Edinburgh University Press, £2 5s.
C. E. BICKS: *Roman Military Law*, 226pp., University of Texas Press, (American University Publishers Group), £3 2s. 6d.

In his series of Gray lectures, *Roman Law: Linguistic, Social and Philosophical Aspects*, Professor Daube fully displays his many talents and his great learning in a style both lively and humorous. The first, "Linguistic Aspects", adopts an approach to Roman law which circumstances make peculiarly his own. Concentrating on terminology, he observes the generally late development of nouns to designate what the jurists themselves discussed in terms of verbs, the significance of the agent noun to designate a particular kind of deed (for instance, the verb *spoliare* is simply to promise—but the noun *spolium* is used of a particular kind of promise, namely the guarantee) and considers its importance for appreciation of the development of the law and legal concepts. The weighty attack that this enables him to mount against the dominant theory of the development of the Roman law of contracts—to mention but one example, for the lecture is packed with suggestive ideas—shows that this is no mere display of virtuosity.

In the second lecture, "Social Aspects", Professor Daube enjoys himself and delights the reader with a miscellany of ideas many of which he has adumbrated or developed elsewhere brought together to give a fresh slant on institutions normally dealt with separately and from a very staid standpoint in the manuals: one does not use the term pejoratively in describing it as a farrago—we dash from the *Lex Aquilia* to the supposed Roman dislike of incest, the position of the *filii familias* and then on to a series of situations, ranging from manumission to dowry, whose link is that they all represent attempts at altruistic liberality. And, between the chuckles over the wealth of anecdotes, we appreciate the common-sense arguments of the author for the true measure of damages in chapter three of the *Lex Aquilia* and the real economic position of the *filii familias*.

The last lecture, "Philosophical Aspects", is probably the most profound. In particular the first section dealing with degrees of liability presents an argument which—though the concept is not in fact mentioned—best explains the worrying so-called *custodia* liability: the second half is a fascinating demonstration of the

juristic use of *reductio ad absurdum* as a method of reasoning. Professor Daube is an admirable lecturer and this volume clearly reproduces the *ipsissima verba* of the lecture hall; and the important contributions, often perhaps tantalizingly brief, to Roman law scholarship are enriched by allusions to other, especially biblical, legal systems both ancient and modern.

Roman Military Law is a rather slim book. When allowance is made for a foreword, preface, notes on the sources, a bibliography and the appendixes of texts and translations, the actual substance runs to 146 pages in nine chapters, the longest being a sketch of the Roman republican constitution such as one could find in any manual of Roman law. Moreover, Colonel Brand devotes as much space to what one might call "ordinary" criminal law as to specifically military criminal law. For it is from the standpoint of the soldier and Judge Advocate that the work is conceived and written: the legal position of the soldier generally—for example his incapacity (for a considerable part of the imperial period) to marry, the freedom of form of soldiers' wills, &c.—is not the author's concern.

Within the limits he sets himself, Colonel Brand has drawn a competent sketch of the military criminal law of Rome, pointing the parallel between the obedience and discipline which underlay the administration of what passed for criminal law in the ordinary sense for most of the republican period. And, while acknowledging briefly the changes in both army organization and the structure of civil and imperial administration in the course of history, he justifies his concentration on the period of the Punic Wars, collating the provisions of juristic writers of the empire, the military laws from Rutilius and Maurelius Strabo to show that offences and punishments remained over the centuries largely unchanged from what we learn from Livy and Polybius.

In general approach to the criminal law, Colonel Brand follows Mommsen: one would not say that he is wrong but one would expect both some reference to the evidence by Wolfgang Kunkel (*Untersuchungen zur Entwicklung der römischen Kriminalverbrechen*, in *Zeitschrift für Rechtswissenschaft*, 1962) and a closer consideration of the *leges Porciae* on *provocatio* than he allows. Colonel Brand is no stylist: he is also repetitive—the story of Manlius Torquatus and his sons, for instance, recurs several times; nor is his bibliography complete. But for all that, this is a useful book to have in a field endowed with surprisingly little literature.

Attic law

A. R. W. HARRISON: *The Law of Athens: The Family and Property*, 346pp., Clarendon Press/Oxford University Press, £3 3s.

The Family and Property is the first of two volumes in which Mr. Harrison has admirably utilized to produce a solid presentation of the rules and institutions of the Athenian family law and law of property as far as it can be determined. The work is the specialist: there is no general discussion, for instance, of the sources of Athenian law, the nature of Athenian jurisprudence (if any), or the structure of the courts—in a word, the machinery by which the law was created and implemented. While the other institutions which fall within the scope of the book, family law, taking rather more than half the volume, Mr. Harrison is concerned to tell us what the law was, not less than he does within the limits of his source material. His method is thorough and cautious—there is no audacious speculation, and the arguments for and against existing views are presented. A welcome feature is the summary of conclusions which exists in each scholarly discussion.

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The Crimes and Repentance of John Payne Collier

By S. SCHOENBAUM

COLLIER HAS NEVER had for a proper biography. This is a pity, for his character fascinates. In several capacities—historian of the stage, editor of Elizabethan rarities, authority on Shakespeare and one of the founders of the Shakespeare Society—Collier made a distinguished contribution to scholarship. He interests us more, however, as the most accomplished and successful of forgers. Until scandal struck, his friends and associates never doubted his probity; to his family he never ceased to be a dear old man. In public he kept up appearances to the end. But other facets of his character (as well as that of his principal antagonist, Iago) are revealed by the ample unpublished Collier materials—letters, an *Autobiography*, diaries—that I have in various libraries and in private hands. These documents require a revision of the accepted belief, expressed by Sir Edmund Chambers in his *William Shakespeare* (11, 386), that Collier died impotent.

He wrought mischief on a large scale. His celebrated predecessor, Richard, lasted not much longer than a year before Malone crushed him with his inquiry, and *Forlign* was looked off the stage; but for a generation Collier poisoned the mainstream of Shakespeare biography. Scarcely a life written during his period does not absorb his corruption; although De Quincey had only two books to assist him when he came to write his article on Shakespeare for the seventh *Brannigan*, he managed to include Collier's principal "discoveries". His forgeries commanded awe. Having invented a ballad, "The Inebriated Bard", Collier passed it off as antique and quoted the opinion of a distinguished antiquary:

"Mr. Douce called it 'one of the most beautiful ballads he had ever read,' and shook his venerable head as was wont with admiring energy and enthusiasm at the different passages in it; but I am by no means prepared to give it so high a character."

At the time Collier wrote, Douce was already dead. He overreached himself with the Perkins Folio. This copy of the Second Quarto of *Shakespeare* Folio of 1632 bears thousands of annotations entered by Collier, maintained by an Old Collector, presumably one Thomas Perkin, who had owned the book. These annotations served the usual function of Perkin's forgeries, substantiating his notes and *l'écrits*. But none of his previous contributions caused such a stir, and none was subjected to such careful scrutiny. At the British Museum, the Perkins Folio underwent microscopic and chemical tests that revealed the presence of partly erased pencil markings in a modern hand, beneath the pseudo-antique ink. The findings were published by an Assistant Keeper, E. S. A. Hamilton, in *An Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakespeare*, 1873. Collier's forgeries were created and implemented. While the other institutions which fall within the scope of the book, family law, taking rather more than half the volume, Mr. Harrison is concerned to tell us what the law was, not less than he does within the limits of his source material. His method is thorough and cautious—there is no audacious speculation, and the arguments for and against existing views are presented. A welcome feature is the summary of conclusions which exists in each scholarly discussion.

Mr. Harrison's thorough familiarity with modern literature as well as with the sources is demonstrated by the very full documentation. In the style is unpretentious to the point of plainness. The result is a solid and

still be able to trace his slime." In print he kept his detestation under control: his *Complete View of the Shakespeare Controversy* (1861) owes its success almost as much to its unpassioned tone as to the comprehensiveness of the indictment it presents.

The book destroyed Collier's reputation for all time. He did not even attempt a rebuttal. Although he admitted in correspondence the controversy was the most disturbing occurrence of his life, outwardly he maintained his calm. Unlike Iago, he published no *Confession*. Instead he reissued his history of the stage in a revised edition with all the forgeries intact—to do otherwise would, after all, have amounted to an admission of misconduct. In his *Trilogy, Conversations Between Three Friends* (1874), ignoring his enemies and their evidence, Collier insists upon the authenticity of the Perkins Folio, and shows how editors had adopted many of the revised emendations. He was in truth incorrigible: at the age of eighty-six he turned, like the uncouth swain in *Lycidas*, to fresh fields. "I have just discovered a most interesting book," Collier wrote to J. Parker Norris, the American Shakespearean, on November 17, 1875. "It is full of Milton's brief notes and references, 1500 of them." Engaging as the forger's youthful enthusiasm, we need not mourn that Collier failed to produce the Milton Folio.

Did he ever, even in private, let down his guard? On the flyleaf of his copy of the Shakespeare Third Folio, now at the Shakespeare Centre in Stratford, he wrote in 1876: "I finished the first edition of a great prize, and what pleasure I had in making up its deficiencies." Then he added darkly, "I was then grossly ignorant, and was only beginning what I wish I had never begun." In his *Autobiography* and his *Diary*, now at the Folger Library, he reveals more of himself.

He had then been dead for eight or ten years. The prefatory note hardly promises candour: "My life, from first to last, has been a hard-working one, I do not on that account look back upon it with any displeasure—rather the contrary." But every now and then Collier rouses himself from placidity. His celebrated affability sometimes deserts him. Even his benefactor Lord Ellesmere comes in for harsh treatment: "a poor weak man," Collier sneers, "whom anybody turned round their finger."

His old acquaintance John Campbell, the Lord Chancellor and eminent legal biographer, is the object of an unexpected vituperative digression. They had known one another since their reporting days together on the *Morning Chronicle*. When Collier sued for libel over an early attack on the Perkins Folio, thus adding perjury to his other crimes, Campbell from the bench had declared the plaintiff a "most honourable" man. To Collier he addressed his *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered*—a gesture which the recipient denounces as impudent in his *Autobiography*. Collier gloats over the jurist's poverty during the newspaper days, when Campbell had barely a shoe for his foot and was dependent upon the charity of a colleague for his basin of soap. Later, at the time he was writing his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal*, Campbell borrowed extracts by Collier from Lord Ellesmere's papers and returned them cut up into fragments, for he was unwilling to pay to have them transcribed. So Collier reports. Once or twice he dined with Campbell, "but his parties were really so dull and formal that, at last, I purposely kept away from them." Long years previous, when the forger was hard up, Campbell had refused him a police magistracy, a post, for which Collier was perhaps not by character ideally suited. He did not forget, nor did he forgive.

He had his own guilt to live with. When Collier refers to the Perkins Folio, his self-control falters. He speaks of it as an "extraordinary discovery," he boasts, about the excel-

of my amended copy of the folio 1632 has been amply discussed during the last twenty years: if the proposed emendations are not genuine, then I claim them as mine; and there I intend to leave the question without giving myself further trouble: anybody else is welcome to solve the enigma—Good or bad, mine or not mine, no edition of Shakespeare, while the world stands, can now be published without them; I brought them into life and light, and I am quite ready to be answerable for them. (*Autobiography*, p. 147).

(Of the manuscript passages cited in this article, I believe that only this one has been previously noticed, by Dr. Giles E. Dawson, formerly of the Folger, in an unpublished address.) The megalomania apparent here reassesses itself in another passage, in which the malefactor at last brings himself to speak the forbidden word, but is cautious enough to employ the third person:

If the emendations be forgeries how the inventor of them, if alive, must laugh at the ridiculous result of his unreflectable fabrications; they now form an essential part of every new edition of Shakespeare, and never hereafter can be omitted (*ibid.* page 148).

thoroughly selfish man: Think of his having known me so intimately for 30 years, of his dining at my table scores & scores of times, and at last passing me in the streets without recognition." Nevertheless, during Dyce's last illness, Collier twice attempted to arrange an interview of reconciliation, but the dying man refused to see him.

On the last page of Volume XV of the *Diary* Collier solemnly enjoins his family never to say a word in his defence after his death: "If my memory cannot support and defend itself, let it fall." Again and again, in succeeding instalments, he reverts to this theme with obsessive insistence. At such moments, as he envisages his enemies closing in upon him, his hand, enfeebled by rheumatism, gathers strength: the script becomes larger, the ink heavier; he underlines words, writes N.B. above or alongside, draws a line in the margin or around the entire passage, affixes his signature. "I know that Enemies are only lying in wait for me [sic] to assault me," reads an entry dated November 30, 1880 (see facsimile reproduced on the right). "I defy them and charge all my Relations & Friends never to say one word in my defence: if they do, they will incur my heaviest displeasure. I despise all my enemies & spit at them I cannot forgive all."

Along with defiance, remorse and penitence. A notice of the Gladstone *Diaries* in a recent number of the TLS (January 9) has reminded us that for Victorians a diary often served the function of a hairshirt. Collier's is no exception. On November 21, 1877, he admits, "It is my own fault and folly that I am not now justly considered the first and best emendator of Shakespeare." This passage, too, he signs. On February 19, 1881, he is again contrite: "I have done many base things in my time—some that I knew to be base at the moment, and many that I deeply regretted afterwards and up to this very day." This is sufficiently vague, but it is suggestive that in his next paragraph he turns to the Perkins Folio. The most forcible expression of his repentance comes near the very end, in the twelfth and last volume of his *Diary*. In a barely legible scrawl Collier writes, on Sunday, May 14, 1882 (see left-hand facsimile).

I am bitterly sad and most sincerely grieved that in every way I am such a despicable offender. I am ashamed of almost every act of my life.

J. Payne Collier
Nearly blind

My repentance is bitter and sincere. The next year he died at the age of ninety-four.

Among the incidental pleasures afforded by the *Diary* is Collier's collection of playing billiards some sixty years previously with a young medical student in Chancery Lane and in Fleet Street. This student was "very cheerful, though thoughtful (sic), very short of stature but with regular pleasing features and a good forehead." Now and then they met in a bookshop. On one occasion, the young man, who was poetical but did not talk much on that subject, took up a copy of Milton, and unexpectedly began a discourse in which he maintained that "no great poet ever wrote a great passage without a complete knowledge at the time of writing that it was great." He poured it out by inspiration and was not fully aware of its beauty of grandeur until he read & reflected upon it some time afterwards." The speaker was John Ruskin. Collier bait him at billiards.

"The only reference in print to the *Diary* which I have been able to find is in J. Q. Adams's foreword to S. A. Tannemann's *Shakespeare's Forgeries* (1923), which gives a paragraph to a volume of the *Diary* for 1879.

Grateful acknowledgment is due to the Folger Shakespeare Library, the

Educating the elite

ALAN B. COBBAN: *The King's Hall within the University: Cambridge in the Later Middle Ages*, 355pp., Cambridge University Press, £3 10s.

Dr. Cobban has written the history of King's Hall from its foundation by Edward III in 1317 to its incorporation in 1546 into Michaelhouse to form Trinity College. His study is based on the rich evidence provided by the college accounts.

The King's Hall is interesting in two different ways. First of all it gives a fascinating picture of the internal life of a medieval college. The King's Hall was a unique establishment. Founded by Edward II, formally constituted by Edward III, it was directly financed by English kings for over two centuries. Their purpose was eminently practical. The college was created as an extension of the royal household, when those words implied not merely the king's domestic circle but the most intimate centre of personal royal power. The king's objective was to provide a succession of educated clerks for administrative and diplomatic posts. King's Hall produced a long series of royal servants, many of them graduates in the civil law of Rome with its high doctrines of monarchical authority.

An establishment with such exalted connexions was naturally run on generous lines. Dr. Cobban calculates that the standard of living of the scholars and fellows (the terms are synonymous) was much higher than that of other colleges. It was necessary for them to enjoy a considerable private income before they could meet even the basic college charges, not least of them being the heavy fees levied on admission. During the last period of the college's

greatest interest. Among the servants the most highly paid was the laundress. As a woman she did not receive a living, and she was probably boarded out in the town. In the late fifteenth century there were six liveried servants: the butler, the cook, the baker, the underbaker, the under-cook, and the book-bearer, who probably carried the heavy books used by the fellows to the university schools and back again. The college placed contracts for wheat, for malt barley and for fuel and other fuels in the market of the parish of the surrounding region. Other provisions and domestic articles were bought at Stourbridge Fair, one of the greatest fairs in England, held each September just outside the town. The college kept doves and bees and swans, which were looked after by a swanherd. There were many entertainments. Minstrels were many of them from the great noble households, performed in the college, the most lavish celebrations taking place in the Christmas season on Holy Innocents Day.

Dr. Cobban's second achievement is to illuminate the development of the medieval university, both in this country and in Europe as a whole. He reminds us that the collegiate structure is a European phenomenon, common to very many of the universities of the time. Traditionally, and this view has been sanctioned by the great authority of Hastings Rashdall, medieval Cambridge has been regarded as a university of little importance in comparison with Oxford. It is now clear that this view was exaggerated, and Dr. Cobban provides further evidence for a re-interpretation of older opinions. It has been argued that Pope John XXII in his letter of 1318 conferred the status of *studium generale* upon Cambridge. Dr. Cobban believes that the latter conferred no new privileges

the history of Cambridge. Only one college, Peterhouse, had been founded before 1300, and seven more were created between 1317 and 1352. King's Hall was the first of these, and Dr. Cobban produces strong arguments for believing that King Edward III's action had an important influence in attracting other benefactions.

He also claims that in its structure King's Hall was an epoch-making institution. For a long time many of its scholars were old pupils of the school attached to the chapel royal, and he likens the connexion between school and college to the much better known double foundations of Winchester and New College and of Eton and King's. William of Wykeham was, of course, an important royal official, and must have known the King's Hall very well. The earliest Oxford and Cambridge colleges were claimed that Wykeham's foundation of New College was the first to make definite provision for undergraduates as well as for graduate fellows. Dr. Cobban argues that King's Hall, from its first beginnings sixty years before Wykeham's time, had included undergraduate scholars as part of the foundation, though no provisions were made for them to receive instruction from the older fellows as Wykeham laid down in the New College statutes. The King's Hall accounts of the fifteenth century show that the fellows were acting as tutors to their own private pupils. This information tells us more about the development of the tutorial system in the colleges, which was later to replace the lectures given in the university schools.

All in all this is a very valuable and interesting book. One minor blemish is that the writing is sometimes repetitive. More might have been said about the college buildings, but

Collier is 1546

Winged nag?

JOSEPH FRANK (Editor): *Hobbled Pegasus: A Descriptive Bibliography of Minor English Poetry, 1641-1660*. 482pp. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £9.6s.

Professor Frank, who has written two very useful works on the levelers and on the beginnings of the Englishness of the seventeenth century, has produced a work that is hard to classify among any of the recognized scholarly genres. *Hobbled Pegasus*, as the title seems to imply, is a literary creature of mixed generation. Although the subtitle leads us to expect a "descriptive bibliography", it is that only in Professor Frank's interpretation of the term: what he has actually given us is an odd cross between a bibliography and an anthology. On a rough count more than half of his book is given to illustrating the sort of material he has found in the various items he lists.

So far as the bibliography is concerned (the body and legs of his Pegasus), he lists 792 poetical broadsides, pamphlets and books published between 1641 and 1660. Pamphlets and books are broken down into smaller categories: pamphlet (four to eight pages), double pamphlet (nine to sixteen pages), triple pamphlet (seventeen to twenty-four pages), quadruple pamphlet (twenty-five to thirty-two pages), short book (thirty-three to a hundred pages) and book (more than a hundred pages). The Wing number is given, and further information provided includes the year and month of publication, the name of the author when known, the place of publication ("assumed to be London unless otherwise specified"), subsequent editions (as in Wing) up to 1700, and standard modern reprints in the few cases in which these are available. Titles are

occasionally given in full, but usually in a shortened form. Professor Frank's three main categories for his material are political, religious, and literary, and these in turn are given more precise definitions by such designations as "Royalist", "Episcopal", "Puritan", "Anti-Episcopal", "Royalist Pious", "Political polemic", "Non-Political", "Non-Religious" (for instance *Poems of Mr. John Milton*, 1646; Herrick's *Hesperides*, &c.). Additional facts about the contents of a pamphlet or book are frequently given, and samples of the verse are nearly always supplied. It will be seen that while Professor Frank has not produced a descriptive bibliography in the usual sense of the term (and will no doubt be rebuked by the severer practitioners of that formidable discipline for failing to do so), he has compiled a kind of guidebook which will inform the inquiring reader on what he is to expect if he fills in his application slip at the Widener or the Bodleian for any of the items here listed. He may well have started something.

As for his samples or anthology (the wings of Pegasus), his practice varies from one item to another. Sometimes he prints an entire broadside, and on other occasions, when he has something unusually interesting to offer the reader, he will give a generous selection. In this way he prints thirteen pages from a long poem of 1647 by J. A. Rivers (the pseudonym of John Abbot) because of "their potential relevance—and actual contrast—to *Paradise Lost*". Both Abbot and his poem *Devout Rhapsodies*, must be almost completely unknown today. If he is the one not mentioned there of the poem from which Professor Frank makes his excerpts, but it is recorded in Lowndes and, of course, in Wing. At all events, even without its possible bearing on Milton's epic, Abbot's poem in flowing pentameter couplets

has considerable interest, and the inclusion of extended extracts offers a striking justification of his anthological method. Where he is dealing with poets of the calibre of Lovelace, Waller, Cleveland or Henry Vaughan (for his poets are not all exactly "minor"), he does not, of course, print any excerpts; and it is therefore rather odd to find him including Shakespeare's "Take, O take those lips away" in his selection from an anthology of 1653 called *The Cant of Courtship*.

At all events, the word "Hobbled" in his title is intended to alert the reader to the fact that most of the items listed are pretty lame and halting as poetry. So why take pains, he asks, "to study a mass of material that is obviously second-rate, why bother to write a book about it, and to distribute the risk of academic masochism—why bother to read such a book?" The answer, he suggests, "is only partly the satisfaction that comes from weaving or wearing a highly specialized hairsplit", and he has no difficulty in showing that this body of interregnum verse illuminates the rapid political, social and intellectual changes in the period. That being so, he might (for the present reviewer at least) have shown less concern in his long introduction to hot up his material. He might in fact have relied on the possibility that duller dogs than himself would welcome his bibliography without his facetious apologies for its literary shortcomings. None the less, he has many interesting points to make, and behind the bibliography itself lie much hard reading and a great deal of ancillary labour. Compiling it may have been, as he says, "a sometimes manic, and sometimes depressive experience", but he seems to have come through it with unabated cheerfulness, and the whole exercise was certainly worthwhile. If he is to start a fashion, however, his imitators must be prepared to look for publishers as well endowed as the University of New Mexico Press.

Old saws

B. W. E. ALFORD and T. C. BAKER: *A History of The Carpenters' Company*. 271pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.

This new *History of The Carpenters' Company* tells us that in December, 1847, the company's earlier historian, Edward Basil Jupp, read aloud his manuscript to a committee of the court. The reading occupied "three separate four-hour sessions". At the end the committee unanimously agreed to publish the book. This order Mr. Alford and Mr. Baker appear to have been spared. Jupp's work contained many interesting things from the records: the present volume has the added interest of a continuous historical narrative. Jupp must have felt that the domestic life of the company would interest few but carpenters. He has a long chapter on "transactions connected with general history... with the royal pageants and progresses in which the Companies took a conspicuous part". But Mr. Alford and Mr. Baker have boldly made the "domestic life" their chief concern.

There is something very attractive in the company's modest beginnings. In 1497 the Pewterers paid it twopence-halfpenny to view its hall and to get ideas for their own. The carpenters' first banquet was as modest as that, and the most interesting glimpse of the carpenters at table is in Jupp. It is the entry, under the date July 12, 1665, of "a refreshment after a general fast and humiliation at Pauls for the visitation of the hand of God upon this city by the plague". The language of the records is often a delight. In the seventeenth century the wardens visited churches under construction to find what men were "guilty of insufficient work". In the eighteenth century there is a record of a dinner to pensioners for which the company provided "two legs of mutton and one sirloin of

beef roasted with herbage". The early centuries are largely concerned with the company's struggle to encourage and control the hands of its own members, to prevent other crafts from competing, to exclude "foreigners" from coming in to compete, and to underwrite the wages.

If necessary the company's law, but its methods were not strictly legal: there is a fine of twenty-one pounds for a carpenter who has been paid for his work by the company, to succeed, "the received gifts of wine, sugar, and tobacco". "Clear evidence of a determined will on the part of the company, to succeed," says the entry of its long history. This, its chief purpose, it seems to have succeeded. Again and again Mr. Alford and Mr. Baker note when one looks at the company's records, "the men engaged in work were so home friendly were written when a convey might be sailing, and not all had the good luck to arrive the hazards of the voyage."

By the middle of the eighteenth century came the end of the company's "long and fruitless attempt to control the trade in London". By another stroke of irony its members' interests. It was already owner of property. In the nineteenth century it had to take its share of the forced loans from the city companies to the Stuart King. In the eighteenth century it gambled at South Sea Bubble and sold out before the bubble burst. In the nineteenth century it profited by the way boom, and, with its income, built almshouses and was in technical education; and was able "to dine in style in its hall".

D. E. SULTANA: *Samuel Taylor Coleridge in Malta and Italy, 1829-30*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 42pp. £4.5s.

A senior civil servant plunged in Coleridge, Dr. Sultana has made it immensely longer by combining a "biography" of these months with a close, attentive record, based on manuscript sources, of historical happenings in and around the Mediterranean area. Dr. Sultana is not one for summaries and overall impressions. Thus, far from being background to a central figure these letters, dispatches and memoranda, interwoven with Coleridge's notebook observations, are given in strict chronological order—confusing until the reader gets used to looking at a dense, all-over, many-coloured tapestry stitch by stitch. Strands in the tapestry come from scattered sources: Malta papers in Valletta and Toronto, Colonial and Foreign Office records, private letters of Sir Alexander Ball, Nelson papers in the British Museum; the whole filled out from diaries and letters of small-part actors in the drama. The author's industry in assembling it is awe-inspiring.

Yet something more than awe is needed on the reader's part: Dr. Sultana's preface does little to establish friendly relations. Uninfluenced by later views, he declares his sympathy with the optimism-inducing conception of Coleridge held by E. K. Chambers; the more enlightened of American studies are termed "idolatry". He refers, as a truism, to Coleridge's "failure in Malta as public secretary"—a failure that is nowhere apparent and never proved. Further, although the notebooks have served as a main source for the "biography", no hint is given of the author's indebtedness to his editor Professor Coburn, only some ungraciously phrased imputations to the order and interpretation of the entries.

Parts of this preface appear to refer to an unwritten book. Besides the "failure", one is promised the "whole history" of the optimism and physical effects. Thus, with the notebook battle, may be gathered in fragments from the footnotes. The "passion for Sara Hutchinson", another factor of his "undoing in Malta" (what was this undoing?) is also to be treated in detail—again in footnote fragmentation.

Discovered: the author deplores and administrator, and a patriot, generous to opponents, staunch to colleagues.

Education

The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book, 1969. Edited by I. F. Burnet. 1,999pp. 35s. *The Girls' School Year Book, 1969.* 747pp. 25s. *The Year Book of Technical Education and Training for Industry, 1969.* Edited by H. C. Dent. 1,128pp. £2.10s. A and C. Black. These are the current editions of the official year books of the associations for boys' and girls' preparatory and public schools, and of technical and industrial educational institutions. They are full of all kinds of useful information at very reasonable prices.

Fashion

D'ASSALLY, GISELE: *Age of Elegance*. 251pp. Macdonald. £8.5s. This is a truly elegant book. Its large pages are full of coloured scenes and figures from contemporary paintings and other sources, supported by monochrome illustrations. The illustrations are well chosen and skilfully treated: some figures are isolated from their context, details are enlarged and the whole series is evocative and full of interest. The team responsible for this have their names modestly at the end of the book.

There is not a great deal of room left for the text, which is an anecdotal summary of five thousand years, not improved by errors in translation: "tiny feet", in the 1830s are "clad in buckins", instead of half-boots. There is an amusing misprint on page 193 in the story of the lady who asked Worth to make a dress for

Books received

Biography and Memoirs

JEFFRIES, CHARLES: "O.E.G.": a Biography of Sir Oliver Ernest Goossens. 175pp. Pall Mall Press. 35s. Sir Charles Jeffries's long experiences of the work of the old Colonial Office in general, and of the affairs of Ceylon in particular, have made him the leading British authority on that distant country. In previously published books he has related in some detail the history of Ceylon's transition from colonial status to the rank of an independent nationhood: and it is fitting that he should now tell the story of the life of that remarkable, long-loved man whose ability, genius and undeviating pursuit of chosen goals made him one of the principal architects of his country's acceptance by the world as an independent power. "O.E.G.", who was born the son of a postman, rose to the highest eminence by his own efforts; but the most remarkable of his many qualities was his knack of winning not only the complete confidence, but also the warm friendship of those with whom he came into contact. Now, when Sir Oliver, freed of official responsibilities, looks back over his long and eventful career, it must be a source of pride to him that neither the confidence nor the friendship were ever unfairly exploited. He emerges from Sir Charles Jeffries's

of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, U.S.A.

Francis William Grey (1804-1881): author of *The City of St. Paul & its environs, Chicago: its industries and its people*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1968. 2 vols. 1,200pp. \$12.50.

Timothy College, University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada.

Richard Heaton, D.D. (c. 1600-1668): Morehouse, Yorkshire: Don Chertsey, 1662: whereabouts of manuscripts or letters.

Department of Botany, University College, Galway, Ireland.

Denis Johnston, playwright: any letters, programmes and memoranda relating to his career as writer and director.

Trent Park College of Education, Cuckfield, Basset, Hertfordshire.

Leon Lhermitte, French painter: whereabouts of past owners of his catalogue.

M. M. Hand, 3330 Delta River Drive, Littleton, Michigan 48066, U.S.A.

Charles Robert Maturin, poet: whereabouts of family letters, family papers, and any biographical information.

c/o English-Speaking Union, Charles Street, London, W.1.

Joseph Huddsworth Oldham (1949): whereabouts of any letters or manuscripts.

Kathleen Jones, The University of Sussex, Brighton, Sussex.

Richard St. John Tyrwhitt (1871-1949): whereabouts of any letters, programmes, or memoranda.

Department of English, Washington University, Washington, D.C. 20006, U.S.A.

George Villiers (1628-1687): whereabouts of letters, manuscripts, or printed works.

Christine Phipps, St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

AND AURANGZEB CAVE: By Prof. R. S. Gupta and R. S. Gupta. 15 coloured plates. 332 monochrome drawings. 100 and 58 line drawings. £7.5s. Published by Thompson & Co., Bombay, India. STOCKISTS: LEISURE PUBLICATIONS, Electric Parade, South King Road, Madras.

Information, please

Thomas Arnold, D.D. (1795-1842): headmaster of Rugby School; whereabouts of any letters.

B. J. Calhoun, Central Library, The Parade, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

Charles Bridgeman (died 1738): Royal Gardener to George III, friend of Vanbrugh, &c., designer of Stowe and other parks; plans, accounts and correspondence.

Peter Willis, 31 Nelson Street, Edinburgh 3.

British views of French Revolution of 1848: whereabouts of unpublished diaries, letters, &c.

Russell E. Plancik, c/o Manor, 71 Chesil Court, Chelsea French Street, London, S.W.3.

Robert Browning and Benjamin Jonson: whereabouts of their correspondence.

Jack W. Herring, Box 6336, Waco, Texas 76706, U.S.A.

Carlisle's Signs of the Times (1829): "Men have crossed oceans by steam; the Birmingham Fire-King has visited the 'Invisible East'; any explanations of the allusion.

Alan Shelston, Department of English, University of Manchester, Manchester, M13 9PL.

Thomas Chippendale, the elder: any information about contemporary references to his activities, and whereabouts of unpublished letters and accounts.

Christopher Gilbert, Temple Newsam House, Leeds 15.

"The Fair Rosamund": S. P. B. Mais in "It Isn't far from London" mentions "Bolton Castle, Whitechapel, Buckinghamshire, where Whitechapel ghost: any information regarding the source of this legend.

Jack Norris, 309 Uxbridge Road, Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire.

Viola Garvin: whereabouts of a copy of her *W. B. Yeats*, announced for publication by Shaylor, London, in 1931.

Mythology—SARINE G. OSWALT: *Cuneiform Encyclopedia of Greek and Roman Mythology*. Collins. 12s. 6d.

Philosophy—SOULN KIKKURUARD: *Concluding Scientific Psychology*. Translated by David F. Swenson. Introduction by Walter Lowrie. Stanford University Press. 35s. NIMAN SMILG: *Philosophy and Religion Truth*. S.C.M. Press. 18s.

Poetry—ANNA AKIMATOVA: *Selected Poems*. Translated with an introduction by Richard McKean. Essay by Andrei Sinyavsky. Penguin. 4s.

Politics—FRANK CANNICCI: *Economics and Prestige in a Maya Community*. Stanford University Press. 28s. CH. GUEVARA: *Guerrilla Warfare*. Pelican. 4s.

LEONARD W. LEVY (Editor): *Essays on the Making of the Constitution*. Oxford University Press. 22s.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ (Editor): *In Defence of Sovereignty*. Oxford University Press. 22s.

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the Hutchinson affair. To assume that Coleridge was content with his own Sara until he fell for her namesake is inaccurate: before the marriage he had written despondently to Southey that he was not in love and wanted to withdraw, but would "do his duty" — poor auspices for a matrimonial venture. And one minor complaint: "Dejection: an Ode on Dejection", and in it the loss of his "shaping spirit" is put down to "abstruse research" — which was not the cause but the forlorn attempted refuge.

Improving on the auguries, Dr. Sultana allows his bellicosity to run underground, while he brings out, as never before, the odd, part dominant, part submerged position of Coleridge in the naval, political, diplomatic and controversial manoeuvres in the Mediterranean at this moment of the Napoleonic wars. The aspects and characters are so complicated that Dr. Sultana's heavily-documented record needs two readings. The pattern is formidable even without Coleridge.

Malta's own status at the time was undervalued. After his capture by the French in 1798, Captain Ball, commander of a naval squadron, had been ordered by Nelson to blockade the garrison and again on Nelson's orders — had gone ashore as governor to pacify the Maltese. Within two years the French garrison had capitulated. Ball became Civil Commissioner and unimpaired governor, stressing its strategic position to his own government, which disputed the need to fight for possession of the island. Ball himself was the perfect imperialist, urging not only the security of Malta but the defence of Egypt too, and an advocacy of war against Napoleon.

It was these political papers that drew the philosopher Coleridge into a net of intrigue. Ball's under-secretary, Chapman, was in Odessa trying to buy Russian wheat cheaply for the island; his private secretary was on a mission to Scotland. Coleridge, who had impressed Ball by his social table-talk, was the obvious choice as a stand-in and a real asset for his intellectual powers, journalistic interests and the distinguished eloquence of his prose. Installed in the Governor's palace as under-secretary, he was soon helping Ball to fight a threat by the govern-

ment at home backed, for reasons of his own, by Nelson — to concede Malta to their Russian allies. Coleridge followed up this memorial by writing a more elaborate paper entitled "Observations on Egypt" (both to be sent to the *Comité*, and, as he trusted, make some money for him). The argument was that the French should be prevented from colonizing that rich and fertile land—whose fertility he inadvertently doubled. Destroyed with others of Coleridge's political papers on the risky journey, it has been written off as a total loss. A version of it is among the author's manuscript discoveries, buried in the mountain of Nelson papers in the British Museum (Nelson discreetly crossed out a passage denouncing Turkey). Further items written, copied or translated by Coleridge have been found among Ball's papers.

How much, asks Dr. Sultana, of the gist of these two papers really had its origin in Coleridge? Most of the points had been made by other writers, so that Coleridge took some licence when he published them later in *The Friend*. But this bold licence also gave away, and took a pious pleasure in distributing some typically brilliant observations among Ball and other naval or administrative types whose minds and pens had no such flexibility.

As public secretary his best talents were lost in wearisome routine work that soured his whole outlook when Ball insisted on retaining him. Again, as with his marriage, he "did his duty". He felt miserably cut off; correspondence to and from his friends was long delayed if lucky; if unlucky it was sunk by the French, destroyed to prevent capture or burnt as "plague papers". He was not the only one to suffer. Essential orders for the prosecution of the war, discussion of diplomatic moves and rival policies took weeks or months on the way and were outdated by events before they came. Nelson, frequently at odds with the Admiralty, was inhibited by the need to get sanction for his manoeuvres in chasing the French fleet. Even so, he did not always have priority, and bitterly complained to the more accessible Ball of orders given and performed with-

four volumes of the R.H.S. *Dictionary* up to date and incorporates the lists and revisions made in the 1956 *Supplement*. The lists of flowers, fruit and vegetables in Part I are selections of the best and most reliable varieties (cultivars) to date, or shortly to become available. Part II consists of additions and corrections including notes on plant physiology, pests, plant diseases, fertilizers, revision of genera, the International Nomenclature Code and the use of botanical keys.

LITERATURE
DI SALVO, TOMMASO: *Lettura critica della Divina Commedia*. Vol. I. Inferno. 382pp. Vol. II. Purgatorio. 308pp. Vol. III. Paradiso. 302pp. Florence: La Nuova Italia. L.1,400 each. These three volumes, well produced, relatively cheap, and intended for use at Liceo and University level, offer a selection of passages taken mainly from the Dante criticism of the past twenty years. Six are concerned with the *Commedia* as a whole and sixteen with the three *cantiche* individually: one is allotted to each of the hundred *cantos*. Of the sixty-two scholars represented the earliest is De Sanctis, and the most frequently occurring names are those of well-known Italian scholars such as Cosimo, Bosco, Getto, Chimentz, Sapiano and Marti. Though extracts are deservedly given from the work of Auerbach and Singleton. From the general and introductory studies any reader must obtain a good idea of the problems and range of modern interpretation of the *Commedia*. With regard to the individual *cantos*, for each of which at least four or five *lettura* are in print today, there is a risk that the view given may be assumed to be the "only" or the "best". But this is a risk that is

out his knowledge. In his way he was just as disastrous as Coleridge, who was, actually, more than twice as unfortunate that these two individuals (his never met). The long blank weeks between the event and the news of it are nothing short of appalling: on November 2, 1805, Ball is seen writing to Nelson with the ardent hope that he might witness the nation's gratitude for his eminent services. It takes a prominent place among those haunting letters written to dead men.

Of Coleridge's Italian movements Dr. Sultana's final chapter "Return Journey" is revealing. Most of his own accounts were written in retrospect and do not show vividly how close he was to the full impact of invasion and the risk of capture on his overland journey. Plans were changed again and again as the Napoleonic machine ploughed across Europe, cut off a route by land through Austria, prevented a sailing from either east or west of Rome by occupying the ports, threatened to cause him to retreat to Sicily, even back to Malta. After a winter in Naples he was in Rome when the French army was expected, and in papal territory when all British subjects were ordered to quit. Coleridge and his friends declined to panic, since the Pope was in any case opposed to Bonaparte. He stayed on, happily sightseeing despite, as he confidently expressed it later, an order from Paris for his arrest. To the end he sailed in an American ship from Leghorn on June 23, 1806, having left Malta in September, 1805.

When all is read and intimately experienced, Dr. Sultana must be given his due for a fine performance: the mists have been parted, the panorama, reminiscent of Hardy's *Descent*, is as vitally packed as a fresco of The Last Judgment. The person of Coleridge, groaning over administration, arbitration and explanation, revelling in the natural beauties of Malta and Sicily, employing a makeshift, workable Italian, compiling his curious notebook speculations and his hasty long letters for the infrequent convey, living the realities that would be shifted and modified in *The Friend*, scrutinizing the local ladies and denouncing the papacy—every item adds a new and luminous facet to his personality. A bare two years, but a whole life in richness.

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